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Æ S O P's
FABLES,
WITH
Morals and Reflections,
As Improved by
Sir Roger L'Estrange,
Done into
Variety of **ENGLISH VERSE,**
Very useful to divert and instruct
Young Gentlemen and Ladies in
the Conduct of Human Life.

Illustrated with **CUTS** curiously
Engrav'd on Copper Plates.

The Fourth Edition.



LONDON:
Printed for *Edmund Parker*, at the Bible and
Crown in *Lombard-Street*. 1720.

1608/4 7/4.





T O

MAURICE HUNT, Esq;

S I R,



OUR Birth and
Fortune having
plac'd You very
high in the World : and the

A 2

Mo-

The Dedication.

Moral Virtues, which already shine thro' Your Youth, and give a Lustre to Your Actions, having render'd You an Ornament to Your Class; I don't know any Gentleman of Your Age, whose Character can better Recommend this new Version of *Æsop's* FABLES.

'Twill be needless for me, I presume, to detain You with Encomiums upon Sir

Roger

The Dedication.

Roger L'Estrange's MORALS
and REFLECTIONS; nor
will I offer any thing in
Vindication of my own Per-
formances: You'll quickly
perceive both by the Style
and Method, that they are
chiefly intended to Divert
and Instruct Young Gentle-
men; and I am apt to be-
lieve, if You find 'em mak-
ing any Advances that Way,
You will not suppose them

The Dedication.

utterly unworthy Your Observation.

S I R, I am very sensible that You are daily in Conversation with those of Your own Family, that are every ways qualify'd to give You the best Instructions; and yet when I consider, that in a little Time You are to make Your Entry into a World overrun with all Sorts of Vice and Folly, I
can't

The Dedication.

can't help thinking, but that
if You please now and then
to look into these FABLES,
but you'll meet with some
Hints that may be of Use
to You.

'T W A S our Author, Sir
Roger L'Estrange's Opinion,
That there was nothing ne-
cessary for the Conduct of
Human Life but might be
collected from them.. " I
" learnt them, *says he*, in

The Dedication.

“ my Youth, study’d them
“ in my Manhood, and
“ continue to reflect upon
“ them in my Old Age, and
“ have found them still of
“ the greatest Service to me
“ in many of the most
“ difficult and important
“ Transactions of my Life.

AFTER this Great Man
I will only add, that they
have a natural Tendency to
promote an Enquiry into
the

The Dedication.

the Cause and Consequence of things, and will always afford innocent Divertisements, and such too that are great and noble, and every ways agreable to the Character, as well as to the Aims, of a Rational Man.

'Tis upon these Considerations I have taken the Liberty to lay them before You : Be pleased to pardon

The Dedication.

me for the Presumption, and
permit me to be,

SIR,

Your most Obedient Servant,

E. S.



THE PREFACE.



*HAVING turn'd the
FABLES of Æsop, as
they are Improv'd by
Sir Roger L'Estrange,
into Variety of English
Verse, with a Design to lay them be-
fore the Publick, it may be expected
perhaps, that according to Custom, I
should acquaint the Reader with the
Motives that first prevail'd with me
to make the Experiment.*

*This, tho' I look upon it to be only
Matter of Formality, I shall so far
comply*

The PREFACE.

comply with, as to let him know; That in reading over that incomparable Book I thought several of the Reflections too long and Philosophical for the Entertainment of Young Gentlemen; and that consequently if the Whole was contracted and done into tolerable English Verse, it might render the FABLES still more Delightful and Universal.

These were the real and the only Motives that put me upon this bold Attempt; and truly, they seem'd to me to carry that Weight with them, that let the Success be what it will, in many Respects they must justify the Design.

Whoever looks into the Practice of former Ages, will find in all the Accounts of Wise Men, that the Care of their Youth was still uppermost in their Thoughts: They consider'd that all Good or Ill was deriv'd from Education; and observ'd, that the Mind
was

The PREFACE

was the Supream Seat of Happiness, as well as Reason; and therefore made it their chief Concern to cultivate that, and implant there the early Principles of Virtue and Morality.

'Twas in this Inquisition the first and greatest Masters of Reason and Experience spent their most deep and deliberate Contemplations. They consulted by what Methods Nature might be best improv'd, and at last seem'd very unanimous, That as all Erudition was in some measure the Effect of Advice and Reproof, so it could no ways be better recommended than under the Umbrage of concise and well-adapted Metaphors.

Æsop is reputed to be the original Author of this Art of Schooling Mankind: He perceiv'd doubtless that Human Nature in general was too Stubborn and Refractory to be dealt with
upon

The PREFACE.

upon the Force of plain and direct Reasoning, and therefore contriv'd his FABLES on purpose to bring Men to the Knowledge of Things by proper and significant Resemblances.

He foresaw that Vice and Folly would increase with the World, and that they'd be perpetually growing more insolent and barefac'd, till even Youth it self was become too headstrong and masterly for downright Admonition.

This Contrivance of Application by Hints and Glances is certainly the best Way under Heaven to let Men into a sight of their Errors; it makes the Light of their own Consciences flash in their Faces, and so whether they will or not, brings them to pass a Judgment upon themselves.

But as the Allegorical Way of Speaking and Writing stands already so well confirm'd by the Testimonies
of

THE PREFACE.

Of all the best Authors both Ancient and Modern, and is so fully establish'd in the Opinion of Wise Men, I think there can be no Necessity for me to enlarge farther upon't, but rather proceed to offer a few Things with respect to the present Adventure: And in order to that I think my self oblig'd to observe,

That tho' this be the first Publick Appearance that these FABLES have made in the Shape they now bear, yet the Design is of an older Date, and may in some Respect be said to be deriv'd from our Author himself.

'Twas, I think, about Three Years before his First Volume was Publish'd, when a Proposal of this Nature was upon the Stocks: He then seem'd to approve of it, and was very zealous to have an Experiment made, which was accordingly done to his

The P R E F A C E.

his Satisfaction; upon which he not only promis'd to promote the Attempt, but was pleas'd at the same Time to observe, That a Poetical Version of the FABLES of Æsop, if the Performance was tolerable, would recommend them exceedingly to the Publick, and consequently be a Means to induce Young Gentlemen to read 'em with greater Delight and Attention: But then, said he, to carry this Design through, will require a great deal of Pains, Judgment and Integrity.

The Person that will venture to undertake such a Work as this will be, must be as perfect a Master in the Poetick Science as Buchanan; his Wit must be easy, delicate and natural, and his Style neither too high and lofty, nor too low, creeping or Pedantick.

There is nothing that the Wit of Man can contrive, better adapted to
the

The PREFACE.

the *Palate and Capacity of Youth* than the *FABLES of AEsop*: What pity, nay, how scandalous is it then, that they should not be put into better Language, and deliver'd for the future out of the Talons of ignorant Scriblers and Poetafters? Nay, says he, 'tis a sort of Blemish upon our Conduct, and throws a Slur upon the English Language, that it has been so long neglected.

I have read these *FABLES*, adds he, in every Part of my Life, and I continue to read them still, and the oftner I read them the better I like them: I have consulted them seriously, and find them to be the best System of Moral Precepts yet in Being.

There is hardly any thing requisite for the good Government of Human Life but may be collected from 'em. This, says he, I speak by my own Experience. I have often found the excellent
Hints

The PREFACE.

Hints and Cautions I have gather'd from them of the greatest Advantage.

This was the Doctrine this incomparable Mythologist then preach'd upon this important Text; and sure no Man ever understood a Text better, or follow'd the Original with more Exactness, as his Book must demonstrate to the end of Time.

However, upon some particular Reasons, which are not at all material here, this Design, after all, was laid aside, and there was no more heard of it, till it was reviv'd by a fresh Rumour, that Sir Roger L'Estrange had been prevail'd with to take the sole Management of these FABLES upon himself.

Some time after his First Volume came out: And as it was the most correct Performance of the Kind that ever was in our own, or perhaps
in

The PREFACE.

in any other Language; so it soon obtain'd a general Approbation, and gave an Additional Lustre to the Character of that Great Man.

'Tis needless to trouble the Reader with collateral Encomiums upon a Work that has been so universally esteem'd. I will only take upon me to add, that the Reflections, which are the only part of the Book he can properly call his own, are writ with such exquisite Judgment, so well adapted to the Design of the Fable, and in such a beautiful and correct Style, that in many Instances they exceed his *Seneca*; which is look'd upon to be one of the best Performances in the English Language.

In these Reflections he shews himself every where a great Master of Reason and Experience, and a true Judge of Men and Things. His Arguments are grave and severe, and yet

The PREFACE.

yet at the same Time pleasant and genteel: His Periods are full and comprehensive, and a Native Elegancy and Purity of Language shines thro' 'em all.

And this is all that I think needful at present, either with respect to the Author or the Design. I shall now proceed to offer the Reader a few Observations on my Part of the Performance.

And first, I think my self oblig'd to acknowledge, that not only the Original Design, but even the Words and Thoughts are Sir Roger L'Estrange's, especially the Fables and Morals, which I have only attempted to make a little more Familiar: Indeed in the Reflections, where they were very long, I have been forc'd to make use of my own Expression, in order to bring the Book within the Limits intended.

As

The P R E F A C E.

As to the Style, I have taken all the Care I could to make it smooth and easy, and to adapt it to the Nature of the Fables, and withall to preserve a Uniformity, the better to induce the Reader to look thro' the whole Book.

By the Cast of the Design and the Simplicity of the Dress, 'tis easy to judge upon what Account I have ventur'd to try this Experiment: And let the Performance be what it will, I'm confident I intended it well.

I am not insensible that the FABLES of Æsop have been often attempted, and sometimes in Verse too; but the Performances have generally been so flat and insipid, that they have rather been a Scandal than an Advantage to our Language.

How well I have succeeded must be left to Time, and it will be but a little Time neither before the Experiment

THE PREFACE.

ment will be try'd : For as the Book is all finish'd, and doom'd in a Day or two to take its Chance, we shall soon see what sort of Treatment the World will afford it.

I will not pretend to offer the Reader any thing further in Apology or Excuse for the Nature and Manner of the Verse, or in Defence of the Performance in general. If it be well, 'twill make its own Apology, and carry a Reputation along with it : If ill, all that I can offer will signify nothing; and so the less I say the better.



A N

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Page 64. Fab. 34. for Says the Ant to the Fly, read Says the Fly to the Ant. The rest of the Errata's, which are only Literals, are submitted to the Reader's Candour.



fab
4

lad
ha
ut
nd



Sir Roger L'Estrange's
FABLES, &c.

In ENGLISH VERSE.

F A B L E I.

A Cock and a Diamond.



AS a COCK on a *Dunghill* was
glaring the *Light*;

He Happen'd to spy a DIAMOND
Glimmering

Had a Jeweller found it, I says he to himself,
had been of *Worth* to a Covetous *Life*;
but as I am a COCK, it is to me but a *Stone*,
and a *Barley-Corn's* better Forty to One

The

F A B

2 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The M O R A L.

Heaven *very seldom fails to Bless,*
Honest Industry *with Success :*
The wisest Men are more content
With things for Use than Ornament.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Happy's that honest *Man*, who, free from *Pride*,
Does for himself and *Family Provide :*
Who gets his *Bread by Industry and Care ;*
Whose only *Wants* the *Wants* of *Nature* are.
For them he *Strives*, for them does *Heav'n* *Implore*,
And those obtain'd, wishes nor wants no more.

Of this th'industrious *COCK* that found the *Jem*,
Has left a great *Example* for us *Men :*
He knew a *DIMOND* was not fit for *Food*,
And rightly judg'd 'twould then do him no good;
So lets it lie till some mistaken *Fop*,
Shou'd chance to pick the useless *Trifle* up.
By which we're wisely caution'd to *Despise*.
All needless *Pomps* and empty *Fooleries*,
And only things of *Use* and real *Value* prize.

F A B

F A B. II.

A Cat and Cock.

A COCK by sad mishap once fell
I'the Clutches of a CAT,

Who long'd to be upon his *Bones*,

But could not well do that,

Without first making some *Pretence*:

Sirrah, says she, you keep

Such *Noise* and *Screaming* in the Night,

The *Neighbours* cannot sleep.

Lord! says the COCK, I never call

Before 'tis time to Wake:

Nay, says the CAT, what's worse than that,

You're an *Incestuous Rake*.

You make no *Conscience* to *Debauch*

Your *Mother* and your *Sisters*:

Says the poor COCK, that's only done

For *Eggs* to please my *Mistress*.

Come come, says *Puss*, all this is Talk,

To me you seem a *Regue*;

Beside I'm hungry, and can't sup

On empty *Dialogue*.

4 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

At which she gave his Throat a pinch,
That without more to do,
Did in an Instant put an End
To COCK and Scory too.

F A B. III.

A Wolf and a Lamb.

A WOLF once lapping at a *Fountain's Brow*,
At a far Distance spy'd a LAMB below;
With open Mouth to seize the Prey he ran,
But first with vile *Reproaches* thus began.

Villain! to foul the *Stream* in which I *Drink*,
Says the poor LAMB, Alas, I did not think
Twas possible the *Stream* should backwards move,
To foul the *Current* that's so far above.

You'll never leave your *Logick*, says the *Brute*,
Till you have lost your *Skin* in the *Dispute*,
As did your *Father* near ten *Months* ago;
You know, you Rascal, what I say is so.

FABLES, &c.

3

If you'll believe me, says the trembling LAMB,
That's full four Months e're to the World I came.
Rogue! says the WOLF, yo've neither Grace
nor Shame:

But 'tis the Nature of your Race, says he,
Slaves, as you are, to hate our Family.

But since I've had the Luck to meet you here,
I'll make you pay some part of the Arrear:
So to his Throat he Leaps, and says no more,
But soon the helpless LAMB to pieces tore.

THE MORAL of these TWO FABLES.

He that's to beat a Dog inclin'd,
Need not go far a Staff to find.
Where Cruelty and Power prevail,
E'en Innocence it self must fail:
But Conscience is a thing so Sacred,
Most Villains their Pretention make it.

REFLECTION.

When Pride and Power with Cruelty are join'd;
No fitter Engine to destroy Mankind:

B 3

IF

6 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

If *Innocence* is doom'd to be oppress'd,
Pleadings are vain, and *Arguments* a jest;
Nay, e'en the *Virtues* of the *Man Accus'd*,
Are Misapply'd, Misconstru'd or Refus'd :
Witness the COCK, whose calling but in time
Is basely charg'd upon him as his *Crime*.

Such is the *Confidence* of cruel *Spight*,
That *Things Impossible* are judg'd for *Right*,
And the poor LAMB is made a *Hypocrite*.
Words are inverted from their common *Sense*,
Wrested and *Chang'd* to injure *Innocence* :
Whilst powerful *Villains* pass without *Regard*,
Nay, often meet with *Favour* and *Reward*.

Justice and *Truth* have no secure *Resort*,
But to the *Great* and *Universal Court*.
For as the World now goes, when WOLVES
and CATS
Have got Sole *Power* to *Act* as *Magistrates*,
The COCKS and LAMBS must at their *Mercy* lie,
And have, alas ! no *Prospects* but to die.

F A B. IV.

A Frog and a House.

A Bloody Quarrel once there chanc'd to be,
 'Twixt FROGS and MICE, which shou'd
 chief Rulers be ;
 But whilst two Champions fought, down comes a Kite,
 Swallow'd them both, and so concludes the Fight.

F A B. V.

A Lyon and a Bear.

A BEAR and a LYON got a Fawn on a day,
 And quarrell'd and fought which should
 bear off the Prey ;

They contend'd so long they were glad to lie down,
 And a Fox coming by, seiz'd the Fawn for his own ;
 And tho' both saw the Master, yet neither could rise,
 But lay licking their Wounds till he got the Prize :
 Upon which they Reflect what Blockheads they were
 To Fight for a Booty another must share.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

*When Gotham Fools a Quarrel make,
The Knaves still carry off the Stake.*

REFLECTION.

Thus Senseless Coxcombs oft the State Embroil,
But Crafty Villains still divide the Spoil:
Ever when Parties furiously contend,
There's still a Third that watch to gain their End.
DIVIDE and GOVERN is a Rule of State,
Taught by Experience and Confirm'd by Fate.
This Argues loudly for a Common Peace,
That Private Views and Treach'rous Aims may cease.

In all great Changes of the World we see,
The first Contendants are the Property;
And 'tis but Justice too it shou'd be so,
Those that begin the Broils shou'd share the Woe.

People may talk of Liberty and Right,
But Pow'r and Int'rest are their sole Delight:
And this may do a while, yet in the End
They for each other's Ruine but contend;

Some

Some FOX or KITE is ever in the way,
To snatch the *Booby* and devour the *Prey*.

F A B. VI.

A Dog and a Shadow.

With *Flesh* in his *Mouth* as a DOG pass'd a *Brook*,
He unluckily happen'd i'th' *Water* to look;
Where seeing his SHADOW, he greedily *Chops*,
So out of his *Teeth* the *Substance* he drops.

The M O R A L.

Those that All covet, oft All lose,
Which some for a *Reproof* shou'd use,
Who guide their *Lives* by *Appetite*,
Without consulting what is *Right*.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Insatiate *Lust* and an unbounded *Will*,
The more they have, the more they covet still;
Restless they hunt for more, for more they call,
And seldom stop till they have *Ruin'd* all.

10 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The *Substance* and the *Shadow* here set forth
A world of *Meanings* of exceeding Worth;
Vain *Hopes* and fond *Desires*, incessant *Care*,
Under these Heads all comprehended are.

What shall we say of that insipid *Saw*,
That for *Preferments* hourly haunt the Court?
Slaves to *Attendance*, wretched *Mortals* these,
That live on *Visions* and *Appearances*;
That for the *Shadow* of a *Statesman's* Smile,
Their *Lives* of all the Noblest Parts beguile.

How wretched is that *Man* that takes *Delight*
To gratify a foolish *Appetite*;
Who sells his *Reason*, *Liberty*, and *Fame*,
But for a *Shadow*, if he gets his *Aim*,
And hunts from *Vanity* to *Vanity* so fast,
That he in *Course* must ruine all at last.

Th' *Ambitious Man*, how wretched too is he,
Whose *boundless Hopes* admit of no *Degree*;
Nothing can stop him till he reach the *Top*,
Where he must hang i'th' *Air* a while and *Drop*:
Hb

He has no *Support* when he can mount no higher,
Falls if he stays, and yet he can't retire.

Men have enough at hand by *Nature's* Care,
And those that grasp at more deserve no Share.

That Man that toils for *Wealth*, or to be *Great*,
Gets nothing by the Bargain but Deceit;
The solid *Substances* of Life lets fall,
Catches at *Shadows*, and so loses all :
From *More* to *Most* he gradually goes on,
Till he has *All*, and then he is undone ;
Then he grows sick and weary of his *Pains*,
Wishes for *More*, yet knows no more Remains.

What *Slaves* are those whom wild *Affections* Rule !
And what strange *Arts* they use to play the Fool !
Scorch'd up with Thirst, like *Tantalus* they lie,
Whilst round their *Lips* the cooling *Waters* ply :
Some like the Wretch that *Rolls* the *Stone* up Hill,
Others like *Ixion* always in the Wheel ;
With endless *Toil* still the same *Round* they run,
And still return where they at first begun.
Now, pray, to what can all this Stir amount,
But perfect *Shadow* in the *Grand Account* ?

But

12 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

But after all, to learn requires our Care,
 What is the *Substance*, which the *Shadows* are:
 For this to *Epictetus* we must go,
 What's in our *Pow'r*, and what is not to know;
 And not like *Aesop's Dog* at *Shadows Chop*,
 And by our *Follies* let the *Substance Drop*.

F A B. VII.

A *Lyon*, an *Ass*, &c. a *Hunting*.

A LYON, ASS, and other *Beasts*,
 A HUNTING went one Day,
 But first they *Share* and *Share alike*,
 Agree to *snack* the *Prey*.
 It was their *Chance* to seize a *Stag*,
 Which they in *Parts* Divide,
 But as they were about to choose,
 The LYON thus Reply'd:
 This *Part* is mine by *Right of Blood*,
 Another I will have;
 A *Third*, because I took most *Pains*;
 And if the *Fourth* you crave,

We

We must e'en pluck a Crow for that:
And so, without Dispute,
The poor Confederates all sneak off,
And were as Fishes Mute.

THE MORAL.

With those too Strong or Crafty for us,
To make a League, does but embarrass.
He that has got the Staff, will still
Carve as he please, because he will:
This we shou'd mark too with the Rest,
That all bought Wit is still the best.

REFLECTION.

Craving the ASS's Pardon, he's unwise,
That for his PARTNERS takes unfit ALLIES;
The Weak are still subservient to the Strong,
Patience alone can mitigate their Wrong.

In all the Affairs of Life Men shou'd beware,
Not to engage with Those above their Sphere.

Says

14 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Says the Court Minion, find me out a Place,
And when 'tis found, as in the LYON's Case,
Takes it himself, and drops the simple ASS.

The Men in POWER their Clients still enslave,
First draw them in, then Pillage all they have.
Ambition, Greatness, and the Thirst of Gold,
No Bonds of Justice or of Honour hold.
Service with Words and Promises is paid,
And the poor honest Man is still Betray'd:
So what the LYON does, in truth's no more,
Than what is daily done by Men in Power.

F A B. VIII.

A WOLF and a Crane.

A WOLF that had gotten a BONE cross his
Throat, or an iron nail that was stuck in his
Thought the BILL of a CRANE the best Remedy
for't;
So accordingly goes, and finding one out,
He makes him large Offers, if he wou'd but do't.

The

FABLES, &c. 15

The CRANE did the Job, then asking his Fee,
Says the WOLF, What an *Impudent Cockcomb* you be!
Wan't your Head in my Mouth? I'm sure, if
y'ad Sense,
You'd eas'ly conclude 'twas a good *Recompence*,
That I suffer'd you safely to bring it from thence.

The MORAL.

*For one good Turn, there's some will say,
We shou'd another always pay:
Yet he that has wish Brutes to do,
(And some Men are no better too)
If he with a whole Skin is spar'd,
Let him expect no more Reward.*

REFLECTION.

The MORAL in this FABLE first doth shew,
We *Gratitude* to our *Preservers* owe;
Next, tho' the CRANE escap'd, we hardly see,
Excuse enough for his *Facility*.
Nay, when h' had done the Job, to seek Reward,
I think, is what might very well be spar'd.

Good

14 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

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And when 'tis found, as in the *LYON's Case*,
Takes it himself, and drops the simple *ASS*.

The Men in *POWER* their *Clients* still enslave,
First draw them in, then *Pillage* all they have.
Ambition, *Greatness*, and the *Thirst of Gold*,
No Bonds of *Justice* or of *Honour* hold.
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And the poor honest Man is still *Betray'd*:
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I think, is what might very well be spar'd.

Good

16 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Good Actions pay themselves: Beside, 'tis vain,
To think a WOLF his *Promise* shou'd maintain.
He spar'd his *Life*, and that perhaps was more,
Than ever WOLF did i'th' like Case before.

'Tis a Nice Case to Judge, I must confess,
How far to serve the Wicked in *Distress*.
Good Men for Bad may Noble *Actions* do,
Which neither *Law* nor *Conscience* bind them to;
They may *Assist* them, and *Relieve* their *Wants*,
As far as Good and Gen'rous Nature prompts:
But then, be sure that this no further goes,
Than what becomes the *Conscience* of the Cause,
To go beyond exalted *Weakness* shews:
Nor will the *President* before us now,
The *Common Practice* of the thing allow.

The greatest *Gamesters* often miss a *Bot*,
And sometimes, tho' but seldom, see it not;
And so perhaps the WOLF whilst under *Cure*,
Forgot the *Mischief* that was in his *Power*.
Yet shou'd the CRANE his *Preservation* own,
Not to the WOLF, but *Providence* alone.

How

How many *Villains* can this *Age* produce, and
 That bring this *Fable's Moral* into Use and
Villains, whose *Names* are sunk to a *Degree*
 Below the common Pitch of *Infamy*:
Villains that with unweary'd *Spight* pursue,
 Their *Benefactors* and *Preservers* too,
 And act the *WOLF* in every thing they do,

F A B. IX.

A Countryman and a Snake.

A COUNTRYMAN once found a SNAKE;
 As it lay underneath a *Brake*,
 Frozen almost to *Death*:
 And being a good *Natur'd SOT*,
 Into his *Breast* the *VERMIN* put
 'Till it Recover'd *Breath*.

As soon as it could *Mischief* do,
 Its *Poy's'nous Nature* to pursue,
 This very Man it *Bites*.

Base

18 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Base Wretch, says he, could nothing less
Than thy *Preserver's Ruine* please,
Thou worst of *Hypocrites*?

THE MORAL.

*Some Men there are who like this Creature,
Are prone to Mischief by their Nature;
And the more Friendships they Receive,
The greater Malice still they have.*

REFLECTION.

*Ungrateful Men are Foes to all Mankind,
Whom no Rewards, no Obligations bind:
Yet there are those who in their Bosoms lay,
Villains! whose Nature leads them to Betray.
But this is no new thing for Friendly Men
Often to meet with base Returns again.
Therefore we ought to weigh in such a Case,
The Person well on whom we Favours place.*

How many fresh *Examples* may we see
Of this ungrateful *Kind of Villany*;

Of *Wretches* from the lowest Ebb of Fate,
 Rais'd to the highest *Posts* of Church and State:
Wretches below Contempt, whose Power of Ill
 Lay only close secreted in their *Will*;
 Who like this SNAKE ungratefully pursue
 Their *Patrons Ruine*, and procure it too.

In all these SNAKES the *Venom* still prevails,
 The *Power* sometimes, but the *Will* ne'er fails.
 They may be sometimes frozen and in pain,
 But warm the *Vermis*, they'll soon Bite again :
 SNAKES will be SNAKES, and so will still
 remain.

F A B. X.

A *Lyon* and an *Ass*.

A N ASS was so *Vain* and *Foolhardy* one day,
 He presum'd at a LYON to Snigger and
 Bray.

The LYON at first Resents the *Affront*;
 But thinking again 'twas an ASS that had don't,
 He

He replies with a Smile, Jeer on like a STARK
ASS,

But remember your *Meanness* 'tis now saves your
Carcass.

The MORAL.

*To a great Mind it is too low
With Scoundrels a Contest to know:
Beside with Rascals to contend
Brings only Scandal in the End.*

REFLECTION.

Most Scoundrels are to Insolence inclin'd,
But all wise Men the *Sawcy Slaves* ne'er mind.
The LYON's in the Right not to debase
His *Greatness*, by contending with an ASS:
Contempt's the best *Revenge* in such a Case.

F A B. XI.

A City Mouse and a Country Mouse.

A COUNTRY MOUSE, as *Authors* write;
Did once a CITY MOUSE invite;
Nothing she spar'd to make her Guest,
Exceeding welcome to her Feast,
Parings of Cheese and Bacon Rusty,
With Mouldy Crusts and Oatmeal Musty,
And all her best and choicest Things,
To entertain her, out she brings.

The City Dame was so well bred;
That she took friendly all she did;
But yet at last, *Sister*, says she,
Why will you thus unhappy be?
Why will you Pine your Life out here,
When you so soon may mend your Cheer
Go but to Town with me you'll find
Pleasure and Plenty to your Mind

And put them both to their new Ends

The

The COUNTRY MOUSE, who lik'd the
Motion,

Told her she was at her *Devotion* :
So they together trudge to Town,
Where they arrive that Night at One.
When home the CITY MOUSE was come,
She takes the *Dame* from *Room* to *Room* :
And after having shew'd her all
Her Stores, i'th' *Kitchin* and the *Hall*,
She took her to the *Parlour*, where
They found good Store of dainty *Fare* :
Upon a *Velvet Couch* they get,
And there in *State* at *Supper* sit.

The *Bumpkin* who had never known
Such *Doings* at her Country *Home*,
Began to *Bless* her *Change* ; when lo !
Ill-Luck had order'd *Matters* so,
All on a sudden open flew
The *Doors*, and in there comes a *Crew*
Of *Footmen*, *Wenchos*, *Dogs* and *Boys*,
Which soon determine all their *Jays*,
And put them both to their *Wits* Ends,
To think how they should save their *Skins* ;
Especially

Especially the *Country Stanger*,
 Who ne'er before was in such *Danger*,
 And trembling in a Corner lay,
 Till all the *Gang* was gone away.
 When all was quiet, out she came;
 Well, my *Court Sister*, says the *Dame*,
 If this your *Way* of living be,
 My *Mouldy Cheese* and *Crusts* for me.
 Free from *Alarms* and void of *Care*,
 I'll to my *Hole* again *Repair*,
 Where no such *Fears* and *Dangers* are.

THE MORAL.

If we the Country Life compare,
With what the Lives of Courtiers are;
The One is harmless, calm and free,
The Other all Anxiety.

REFLECTION.

Free from the *Noise* and *Bustlings* of the *Great*,
 Grant me, Oh *Heaven*! some little *Healthful Seat*,
 Where I in *Silence* may pass on my *Life*,
 And sleep secure from *Danger*, *Noise* and *Strife*.

How

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 Where I in *Silence* may pass on my *Life*,
 And sleep secure from *Danger*, *Noise* and *Strife*.

How

24 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

How happy are the Men that seldom range
Beyond the *Limits* of their *Native Grange*!
Who undisturb'd, and from *Temptations* free,
Enjoy with *Ease* their *Health* and *Liberty*.

Rather than live at *Court* I'd choose to dwell,
Like *Aesop's Mouse*, in some poor lonely *Cell*:
No *Duns* nor *Fools*, no *Travtor*, *Theif* or *Cheat*,
Could there the *Comforts* of my *Life* Defeat.
There I should never hear the dreadful *Cries*
Of *Murders*, *Rapes*, and horrid *Blasphemies*;
From *Envy*, *Pride* and *Jealousy* Remov'd,
Secur'd from *Danger*, and by all belov'd;
With just enough for *Nature's* fit *Support*:
Oh may I live, and never see the *Court*.

To him I would *Appeal*, whom rigid *Fate*
Has doom'd to live *Dependant* on the *Seate*;
If after all his *Doubts*, his *Cares* and *Pains*,
His real *Losses* don't exceed his *Gains*.
What *Madman* is he then that hunts for *Toys*,
Forakes his solid for uncertain *Toys*;
With *Bullies*, *Pimps* and *nauseous Parasites*,
Waste all his *Days*, with *Filles* consumes his *Nights*?

Let such a *Man* but cast up the *Accounts*,
He'll quickly see to what the whole *Amounts* ;
That all the *Pleasures* of the *Court* are such,
They *wast* away and *wither* at the *Touch*,
And so perhaps conclude upon the whole,
The *Country Mouse* was happiest in her *Hole*.

F A B. XII.

A **Crow** and a **Muscle**.

A CROW found a MUSCLE, and to *Batr'ring*
he fell,

But yet for his *Blood* cou'd not open the *Shell* ;
A *Carion-Crow* comes, and told him he might,
What he cou'd not by *Force*, accomplish by *Sleight* :
Take it into the *Air*, and dropt on a *Rock*,
You shall see, says the CROW, it will break with
the *Knock*,

He took his *Advice*, it succeeds to his *Wish*,
But the other stood near and flew off with the *Fish*.

26 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The MORAL.

*For their own Sakes it is, we find,
That Neighbours are to Neighbours kind.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

He that for *Int'rest*, *Friendship* does pretend,
Forfeits the Name and Virtue of a Friend.
The *Frank* and Gen'rous Man unguarded lies,
To Treach'rous *Knaves* and *Villains* in *Disguise*.
In such a *Case*, an open honest *Man*,
Can hardly 'scape an Artful *Rogue's* *Trapan*.
Men should be *wary*, but not *prepossess*;
For *Charity* does always judge the *Best*:
Tho' he that's over *Credulous*, 'tis true.
Makes but himself a *Fest* and *Bubble* too.
From bare *Intentions* Men we cannot know,
Only their *Works* their *Probity* must shew,
As in the present *Instance* of the CROW.

F A B. XIII.

A Fox and a Raven.

A FOX did once a RAVEN spy,
As he up to a Tree did fly,
With something in his Bill:

The *Morsel* made his *Chops* to water,
But how to manage so the *Matter*
To get it, cou'd not tell.

Oh blessed Bird, says he, who are
To *Gods* and *Men* exceeding dear!
And thus he sets him forth:
Your Gift of *Augury's* so great,
Your *Plumes* and *Person* so compleat,
There's none can speak your *Worth*.

Now if your *Voice*, says he, agrees
With all your other *Qualities*,
(Ye *Gods*, ye know 'tis true!)
The Sun in all the World below
Could not another *Creature* show
So excellent as *You*.

At this the *Fool*, to shew his *Skill*,
 Let fall the *Morsel* from his *Bill*,
 Which soon the *FOX* *Retains* ;
 Who told him, all was but a *Joke*,
 And tho' h' had of his *Beauty* spoke,
 H' had never nam'd his *Brains*.

THE MORAL.

FLATTERY's so smooth and soft a Bait,
 That most Men swallow the Deceit:
 For We Ourselves are always seen,
 In our own Favour overween ;
 But when apply'd to a vain Fool,
 Nothing in Nature's such a Tool.

REFLECTION.

Flatt'ry is here presented to our View,
 With both the *Danger* and the *Nature* too:
 The crafty *FOX* the *RAVEN* here *Cajoles*,
 As cunning *Knaves* do when they manage *Fools* ;
 Upon his *Beauty*, *Wit*, and *Plumes* dilates,
 Till the vain *Coxcomb* credits what he prates :

By

By which he shews not only want of *Sense*,
But *Self-Conceit* and solid *Impudence*.

Oh fatal *Power* of *Friendship* in *Disguise* !
By this the good Men fall, the *Villains* rise.
Kings are undone, and *Monarchies* destroy'd,
When *Flatt'ring Rogues* are *Trusted* and *Imploy'd* :
Not *Souls* nor *Bodies*, nor *Estates* are clear
Where *Treach'rous Rascals* have their *Prince's Ear* :
Nor is a *private Person* more secure,
That will a *Flatt'ring Parasite* endure.

The two great *Ends* of *Flattery* are these,
The thoughts of *Profit* and the hopes to please :
The one's too *Base*, too *Servile*, and too *Low*,
For Men of *Sense*, or Men of *Worth* to know ;
The others a poor *Mercenary Aim*,
None but *Buffoons* and *Merry Andrews* claim ;
Unless some dangerous *Villains* in *Disguise* ;
Who play their *Tricks* to hide their *Regueries*.

'Tis a great *Work*, and yet observ'd by few,
That to ourselves we should ourselves be true.
For *Self-Conceit*, *Hypocrisy* and *Pride*
Are all to *Flattery* so near ally'd,

30 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

That till we tear those *Vultures* from our Breast,
Flatt'ry will still find *Room* among the *Rest*.

F A B. XIV.

An Old Lyon.

A LYON in his Youthful Days
Had been Outrag'ous many *Ways*;
His *Subjects* much oppress'd ;
Came, when his Strength was gone, to be
The *Emblem* of all *Misery*,
The *Scorn* of ev'ry *Beast*.

At length, with one *Consent*, they fall
Upon this *Monster* one and all,
So wretched was his *Case* :
But he of nothing so complain'd,
As when he found himself disdain'd,
And *Kick'd* at by an *Ass*.

The MO.

The M O R A L.

*That Prince that does not Friends secure
 Whilst he hath both the Wealth and Power,
 When he grows Impotent and Old,
 Will then find Friendship very cold.
 He that in Youth doth Tyrannize,
 Men nat'rally in Age Despise;
 And the more Base his Haters be,
 The greater still their Cruelty.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*A noble Lesson this to Men in Power,
 That in their Greatness they their Friends secure.
 The Great Men when they fall, unpity'd drop,
 Unless their Reputation keep them up:
 And what's the worst and greatest Curse of all,
 The very Rabble Hunt them at their Fall.*

*Great Men, from this OLD LYON's Case
 may see,
 There's nothing free from Mutability.
 Greatness is nothing but the Gift of Fate,
 And Wisdom only can secure that State:*

32 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

A little while, and then comes on *Old Age*,
And makes the *Mighty Mortal* quit the Stage.
Only the *Conscience* of a *Life* well spent,
Can this OLD LYON's wretched *Fate* prevent.

Defenceless on his Death-bed here he lies,

Amidst a *Crowd* of cruel *Enemies* :

Stung in his *Thoughts* and *Tortur'd* with the *Guilt*
Of *Pride* and *Riot*, and the *Blood* h'has spilt ;
With all his *Sins* and *Follies* in his view,
And all the *Ruins* of the *Guileless* too,
He dies unpitied, as all *Tyrants* do.

F A B. XV.

An *Ass* and a *Whelp*.

A Gentleman a PUPPY had,
That play'd him pretty *Tricks*,
Still leaping on him he wou'd be,
And licking of his *Cheeks*.

An ASS about the House, that saw
The WHELP succeed so well,
Would needs this wanton Humour try,
And so to Gamboles fell.

But he was quickly made to know,
An ASS wan't fit for Sport,
And more, to shew the Diff'rence,
Was soundly Cudgell'd for't.

The M O R A L.

*People that by Examples go,
The Presidents shou'd fully know;
For things which some Men fit, we see,
Preposterous oft to others be.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

To Act a Fool requires a Man of Parts,
The Strength of Nature and the Help of Arts:
Your meer Buffoons so scandalous appear,
They're even below the Allegory here;
All Things they do are both so Dull and Rude,
In Human Shapes, they Brutal Minds conclude.

In all the *Creatures* of the *World* we find,
 Something peculiar still in ev'ry *Kind*,
 And therefore they most properly pursue,
 The Things that *Nat'ral Instinct* leads 'em to.
 Who follows *Nature* cannot go astray,
Nature will always lead us the right way;
 Whilst those that Others strive to imitate,
 Expose themselves to this dull *A S S's Fate*.

F A B. XVI.

A *Lyon* and a *Mouse*.

A *MOUSE* in the *Wood* heard a *Beast* make a
 Noise,

And presently runs to find out the *Cause* :
 And seeing a *LYON* in a *Toyl* lie confin'd,
 She presently calls a past Favour to mind.

It seems that some *LYON* but few Days before,
 Had let her escape when she was in his *Pow'r*.
 Upon further *Enquiry* into th' *Matter*, she found
 That this was the *LYON* to whom she was *Bound*;
 And

And ſo falls to work with her *Teeth* on the *Net*,
Till gratefully looſe her *Deliv'rer* ſhe ſet.

THE MORAL.

Void of Gratitude and Good Nature,
Mankind is but a lonely Creature :
No Subject is ſo mean and low,
But for his Prince may ſomething do.
And all Men thro' the whole Creation
For One Another have Otcaſion.

REFLECTION.

Nothing's ſo little but that *Greatneſs* may,
Sooner or later, its *Aſſiſtance* pray;
And this a *Caution* to the *Great* ſhou'd be,
To ſhew their *Greatneſs* in their *Clemency*.
The *Golden Rule* remains ; To *Others* do
The very ſame that you'd *have done to You*.
The *Lyon* ſpar'd the *Mouse* ; the grateful *Mouse*;
In pure *Return*, ſets her *Preserver* looſe.
And who'd have thought a *MOUSE* ſhou'd have
the *Pow'r*
A *LYON*'s *Life* and *Freedom* to reſtore ?

Yet

36 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Yet in the *Course* of things we often find
A world of great *Examples* of this kind.
'Tis *Fate* still throws the *Dice*, and as she fling,
Of *Kings* makes *Peasants*, and of *Peasants*, *Kings*:
Greatness and *Pow'r* to *Mortals* are but lent,
And what's *Decreed* e'en *Prudence* can't prevent.
Through *Wilds* of *Fate* *Mankind* is doom'd to run,
Is Great to Day, to Morrow is undone.

F A B. XVII.

A Sick Kite and her Mother.

SAYS a SICK KITE, *Mother*, give o're,
And grieve your self for me no more,
But to your *Prayers* fall.
Ah, says her *Dam*, how can I go
To any of the *Gods* for you,
Who've Robb'd their *Altars* all!

The M O R A L.

The *Conscience* of a *Life well spent*,
Death's *Horrors* only can prevent:

FABLES, &c. 37

*Men therefore should not trust their Doom,
Till they upon their Death-beds come.*

REFLECTION.

Most of our *Modern Penitents*, like this KITE,
First they grow Sick, and then turn *Hypocrite*.
Whilst they in *Tortures* on their *Death-beds* lie,
Amidst their *Agonies* for *Prayers* they cry;
Wrack'd with the *Terrors* of a Life ill spent,
Distracted, then they wou'd, but can't Repent.

How can *Repentance* at a time prevail,
When *Reason*, *Certainty* and *Vertue* fail;
When *Mind* and *Body* in *Confusion* be,
And *Nature's Weak* and in an *Agony*?
And yet, like this sick KITE, there are some Men,
Think *dying Prayers* will make up all again.
Such *Wretched Fools* their *Death* with *Horror* meet,
And think, with *Life* the greatest *Pains* are sweet.

F A B. XVIII.

A Swallow and other Birds.

A *Country-Man* once his *Ground* was a *Sowing*,
A SWALLOW discover'd what he was a
doing ;

And calling the Birds about her, says she,
Observe yonder Fellow, and hearken to me :
All the *Nets* and the *Snares* which most *Fowlers* use,
Are made of the *Hemp* and the *Flax* he now sows ;
Pick it up then, says she, lest *Mischief* ensue ;
But this they neglect, and so the *Seed* grew.
When it was in the *Blade*, says the SWALLOW,
in short,

If you'll all stir your *Stumps*, you may still spoil
their Sport ;

But finding that all she could say had no *Pow'r*,
She resolves to converse with such *Creatures* no more.
The *Flax* and the *Hemp* came in time to be wrought,
And she with the *Nets* saw some of them caught ;
Upon which they *Reflect*, but then 'twas too late,
For the *Time* was elaps'd, for preventing their *Fate*.

THE MORAL.

*Wise Men Effects by Causes see,
Which Fools believe can never be,
Until the Mischief falls upon 'em,
And their Delays have quite undons 'em.*

REFLECTION.

Many a time it has been our own Case,
To fear no Danger till it comes to pass:
Where Pride and Selfconceit with Folly reign,
Counsel is Nonsense, and Advice is vain.

The SWALLOW here the BIRDS advises twice,
The BIRDS as oft reject her good Advice;
The Hemp grows up, at length the Nets are made,
And they, like Fools, into the Snares betray'd.

Now what can all this better represent,
Than Seeds of Plots to ruine Government?
The Statesmen, who for Cautions are too Great,
Like these vain BIRDS, but one another cheat;

The

40 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The *Seeds of Faction*, like these *Hemp-Seeds*, grow,
Till they at length the *Kingdom* overthrow.

F A B. XIX.

The *Frogs* chuse a *King*.

WHEN the *FROGS* in the *Lakes* at their
Liberty liv'd,
Grown weary with *Ease*, they for *Government* griev'd;
So to Grant them a *KING*, they to *Jupiter* go,
Fit *Methods* and *Rules* and *Distinctions* to show.
The *God*, who so well their *Vanity* knew,
A *Log* with Contempt for their *Governor* threw;
Which upon the first *Dash* so frighted them all,
That into the *Mud* the whole *Mobile* crawl:
This aw'd them a while, till a desp'rate *FROG*
Took Courage at length, and look'd on the *Log*;
Who having discover'd the *State* of their *King*,
He call'd to his *Fellows*, and told them the thing:
Thence to *Ride* on their *Prince* they resolve one and all,
And nothing wou'd serve, but to *Tumults* they fall.

This

This *King* was too *Tame*, so to *Fove* they repair,
To send them another more harsh and severe.
He granted their Suit, and the better to school 'em,
He sent them a *Stork* or a *Serpent* to Rule 'em ;
Which it was of the *Two*, our *Authors* don't say,
But 'twas *One* that soon made his new *Subjects* a
Prey :

So hard was their *Case*, that they *Mercury* send,
To Beg of the *God* to be once more their *Friend*,
And to send them a *King* more *Gentle* and *Mild*,
Whose *Answer* was this, They must rest *Reconcil'd*.
Those that will not be satisfy'd when they are well,
When things go amiss shou'd never *Rebel*.
Tis better for *People* to rest where they are,
Than it is to go farther and meet with worse *Fare*.

THE MORAL.

The Mobile uneasy are
With or without a Ruler's Care :
And as by all Accounts we see,
The more they Shift the worse they be.
Whether they've Government or none,
Or Kings of God's Make or their Own,

Or

42 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

*Or whether neither Law nor King,
The Multitude's the self-same Thing.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

The giddy *Vulgar*, like these FROGS, are still
Murm'ring for *Change*, and will because they will.
A *King* they want, and when they've got a *King*,
They Scorn him, he's so *Dull a Foolish Thing*;
They'll have Another, and Another too,
And thus their own Destruction they pursue.

Mad are their *Motions*, changeable as *Wind*,
No Laws can guide 'em, nor no Reason bind:
From *Bad to Worse*, from *Worse to Worst* of all,
They headlong drive till they have *Ruin'd* all.

F A B. XX.

The Kite, Hawk and Pidgeons.

THE PIDGEONS by the KITE Opprest,
 Protection from the HAWK Request,
 Who did, by ten to one,
 Make greater Havock in a Day
 Than, if the KITE had bore the sway,
 Could in a Year have done:

The MORAL.

*It shews a People's Folly when
 They trust themselves to powerful Men;
 Or for the Noise of Two or Three,
 Hazard a whole Community.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Hard is the Fate of Countries in Distress,
 When they are forc'd to use their Enemies.
 Who from a Treach'rous Friend Protection craves,
 Forfeits his Reason and himself Enslaves.

This

44 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

This *World* is but a *Labyrinth* of *Woe*,
Which all *Mankind* is doom'd to struggle thro';
And he that's *Discontented* with his *State*,
Deserves at least to share the *PIDGEONS Fate*.
How many restless *Blockheads* may we see
Fatigu'd with *Ease*, *Mad* for *Variety*?
Who, by *Opinion*, judge and censure *Kings*,
And vainly fear inevitable *Things*;
And, like these *PIDGEONS*, to secure their *Rights*,
Join with the *HAWKS* to guard them from the
KITES.

F A B. XXI.

A **Dog** and a **Thief.**

A Gang of **THIEVES** upon a Time
To break a House Essay'd;
A MASTIFF taking the *Alarm*,
With all his Power Bay'd.

One of the ROBBERS spoke him fair,
And try'd him with a *Crust* :
No, says the DOG, that will not do
For many Reasons : *First*,

I'll take none of your *Reguish Bribes*,
My *Master* to *Betray*;
And next, not for your piece of *Bread*
Give all I have away.

The M O R A L.

Presents, fair Words, and *Flatt'ry* be
The *surest* Baits of Treachery :
They both in Courts and Cots succeed,
Where DOGS are of the truer Breed.

R E F L E C T I O N.

All prudent Men those artful *Knaves* suspect,
Who on a sudden change their *Dialect*,
And speak the *Language* of this THIEF, to try
The fatal Power of *Bribes* and *Flatt'ry*.
The honest MASTIFF here rejects the *Crust*,
Nor won't be *Wheedl'd* to *Betray* his *Trust*.

46 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

A noble *Emblem* this, and fit to show
What all *Mankind* should for their *Masters* doe.

How does the DOG's *Example* here reprove,
Those that for *Gain* their *Masters* only love.
Base, *Mercenary Wretches* ! who for *Gold*,
Their *God*, their *Country*, and their *King* have sold !
Who *fawn* and *flatter* while the *Tide* prevails,
But shift with ev'ry veering *Blast* their *Sails* !

F A B. XXII.

A Wolf and a Sow.

TO a great-belly'd SOW a WOLF was so kind,
To offer to *Nurse* her, if She had a *Mind* :
The SOW, in *Return*, thanks the WOLF for her
Favour ;
But told her, 'twas best at a *Distance* to have her.

The M O R A L.

No *Snares* so *Dang'rous* as those,
Men under *Friendship's* Name propose.

REFLECTION.

Knaves, like this WOLF, to *Friendship* may pretend,

But he's a *Fool* that makes a *Knave* his *Friend*.

The SOW's a proper *Emblem* in this *Matter*,

Who judg'd a WOLF unfit to *Nurse* her *Litter*.

F A B. XXIII.

A Mountain in Labour.

WHEN a MOUNTAIN's in *Labour*, the *People* expect,

That some *Wondrous Production* shou'd answer th' Effect.

Now this was the *Case* ; the *Neighbourhood* all
Were at their *Wits Ends*, to think what shou'd befall,
and what in the End did this *Labour* produce,
but instead of a *Monster*, a *Ridiculous Mouse* ?

The MO-

The MORAL.

*In many Instances, we see,
Men about Nothing troubled be.*

REFLECTION.

*This Fable's Emblem truly represents,
What Fools Men are to hanker for Events :
Whose Hopes and Fears are always in Extreams,
Or want Connexion, like a sick Man's Dreams.*

F A B. XXIV.

An Ass and an Ungrateful
Master.

AN ASS that had wasted his whole *Life* and
Strength,
To serve a hard Master, had the ill hap at length
To make a false Step, and fall under his Load ;
For which being cruelly maul'd with a Goad,
Alas!

Alas says the ASS, how hard is our Lot,
For a Casual Slip, all we have done is forgot!

F A B. XXV.

An Old Dog and his Master.

A DOG that in his youthful days,
Had serv'd his Master many ways,
And led him many a Chase;
Losing at last his Strength and Speed,
Blows and Reproaches soon succeed,
And nothing but Disgrace.

Says the poor wornout CUR, alas,
My Will's as good as ever 'twas,
Tho' all my Vigour's Spent;
And you as well may Hang your CUR,
Because he's Old, as Beat him Sir,
Because he's Impotent.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

Affection and Fidelity,
 Itb' s'other World Rewards must see,
 In this we only have the Sense,
 Of doing well for Recompence.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Th' *ungrateful Man* may in these Fables see
 Two Emblems of exalted Cruelty:
 The ASS and DOG both faithful *Servants* were,
 And both perform'd their *Duty* in their *Sphere*,
 Till in their *Master's Services* at length,
 They lose their *Youth* their *Vigour* and their *Strength*,
 And as the *Nat'ral Consequence* of that,
 They're soon *Despis'd*, *Neglected* and *Forgot*.

Now what can more *Reprove ungrateful Men*,
 That *Good Old Servants* for their *Age* Contemn:
 And what a *Wretched Creature* too is *He*,
 That serves a *Man* of such *Barbarity*.
 But 'tis become the Way o'th' World of late,
 We are no sooner *Old* but out of *Date*,

And

And like this ASS and DOG *Revil'd* and *Beat*,
When we no longer can assist the *Great*.

F A B. XXVI.

An *Ass* an *Ape* and a *Mole*.

AN ASS and an APE most sadly Bewail
That *One* wanted *Horns* and the *Other* a
Tail.

A MOLE that stood by to the *Blockheads* Replies,
For shame hold your *Tongues*, and thank *Heaven*
you have *Eyes*.

F A B. XXVII.

The *Hares* and the *Frogs*.

THE HARES on a time fell into *Debate*,
What was proper to do to better their
State.

says One of the *Wiseſt* we are day after day
To *Eagles* and *Men* and most *Vermin* a Prey:

D 2

From

52 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

From *Danger* and *Frights* we never are free,
 Infomuch I must own it appeareth to me,
 It is better to die once for all, than to live
 In a *State* that such daily *Disturbance* doth give.
 This *Motion* thus made to *Debating* they fall
 And quickly *Resolve* to *Drown* themselves all.
 And the *Vote* was no sooner pass'd into an *Act*,
 But to the next *Lake* in a *Body* thy *Pack'd*.

A great shoal of FROGS knowing nothing o'th'
Matter,
 Being scar'd at the hurry leap'd into the *Water*:
 Upon which says a HARE, One o'th' Cheifs of the
Breed,
 Pray let us consider before we proceed.
 I find our Condition is not so much worse,
 Since We can fright *Others*, as *Others* fright us.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

With Providence there's no contending,
Since Its Decrees are past our mending.
He that made us doubtless knew,
What was most fit for us to doe:
And ev'ry Man's own Lot is best,
If he but manage well the Rest.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Such is the State of *wretched Mortals* here;
They know not what to hope or what to fear!
Uneasy at their Lot, for *Change* they thirst,
And still their own *Condition* is the worst.
Why am I thus and thus? is the grand Cry;
And why expos'd to this *Calamity*?

Look round, *Vain Man*, and thou wilt quickly see
Millions and *Millions* worse by far than thee:
And then if thou hast *Gratitude* or *Sense*,
Wilt cease to blame the *Acts* of *Providence*.
For *Men* as well may *Heavenly Motions* blame,
As hope to mend or alter their own *Frame*.

There's not an *Atome* in the whole *Creation*,
But is design'd its just and proper *Station*.
What *Madness* is it then for us to strive
For what is not in *Nature's Power* to give?
The *ASS* wants *Horns*, the *APE* wou'd have a *Tail*,
The *filly HARES* at their *Condition Rail*.
Thus 'tis with *Men* who foolishly *Request*
For hurtful *Things*, or useless at the best.

54 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The MOLE indeed, tho' *Comfortless* and *Blind*,
 Has left a *noble Precept* for *Mankind*
 To be in all *Conditions* still *Resign'd*.
 As if she'd said, Wou'd you in quiet move?
 Leave your *Complaints* to those that *Rule Above*;
 Trust them to manage, and they'll surely Grant
 What their unerring *Wisdom* see you want.

F A B. XXVIII.

A Wolf, Kid and a Goat.

A GOAT one Morning going out,
 First to her KID this Caution put:
 Till my *Return* don't for your *Skin*
 Let One without a Beard come in.

The GOAT scarce out of sight was got,
 But to the *Door* a WOLF comes up;
 And changing of her Wolfish Tone,
 Says she, My Dear, your Mother's come.
 The KID, who smelt the *Reguery*,
 If you can shew your *Beard*, says she,
 The *Door* shall quickly open be.

The MO-

The M O R A L.

*There ne'er was yet Hypocrisy
Without some Mark to know it by.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Here Prudence, Caution, and Obedience join
To circumvent the crafty WOLF's Design.
In all th'Accounts of Human Life we see,
That false *Pretensions* most *Destructive* be;
And had this *Kid* her *Mother* *Disobey'd*,
'Tis a plain *Case*, that she had been *Betra'd*.

F A B. XXIX.

A Dog, a Sheep, and a Wolf.

A DOG 'gainst a SHEEP brought an Action
o'th' Case,
For some Measures of Wheat he had lent him time
past.

56 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

This DOG of a PLANTIFF brought the WOLF
and the KITE,

And the *Vulture*, who swore that the Matter was
Right.

The *Defendant* is Cast, and to answer the Cost,
To part with the Wool from his Back he is forc'd,

The M O R A L.

*When Men are to be taken off,
What need is there of Law or Proof?
Or why shou'd the poor Prisoner Plead,
When Judge and Jury are Agreed?*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Wisdom and Virtue are but weak Defence
'Gainst Subornation and false Evidence:
When WOLVES and VULTURES Witnesses
are made,
The harmless SHEEP must be in course Betray'd.
Oh wretched Country, where such Vermin are
In Courts of Justice suffer'd to appear.*

F A B. XXX.

A Countryman and a Snake.

U Nder the *Threshold* of a Door
A SNAKE once made *Its Bed*;
On which a *Child* o'th' *Family*
Had the Mishap to tread.

The *Vermin* Bit him and he dy'd :
The *Father* to *Aton*e,
Struck at the SNAKE, but miss'd his *Aim*,
And only mark'd the *Stone*.

After some time the COUNTRYMAN
Would needs be *Friends* again :
No, says the SNAKE, not whilst this *Flaw*,
Or *Thoughts* o'th' *Child* remain.

The M O R A L.

In *Friendship* and *Fidelity*
We cannot over tender be ;

But

58 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

*But shou'd Distinguish ne'ertbeles
'Twixt Charity and Easiness.
New Converts are but slipp'ry Ware,
Therefore we should not Trust too far.*

REFLECTION.

He runs a dang'rous *Risk*, presumes to trust
The Man (tho' reconcil'd) h'has found unjust.
Deep in his Breast the *Seeds of Malice* lie,
And he is still his *Secret Enemy*.
'Tis Gen'rous to *Forgive*, but he's a *Fool*
Forgives so oft till he becomes a *Tool*.

When on too easy *Terms* Men *Pardons* find,
It makes 'em to *Affronts* but more inclin'd :
Ungrateful Men no *Obligations* bind.
Upon the whole, this COUNTRYMAN and
SNAKE,
In both respects a useful *Emblem* make.
The COUNTRYMAN's too easy to forgive,
The SNAKE suspects the Truth and won't believe:
I've done him *Wrong*, says she, and kill'd his *Child*;
How can this easy *Fool* be *Reconcil'd*?

Nor

Nor will I trust his *Friendship*, till I see
Some better Marks of his *Sincerity*;
And this a *Rule* to all *Mankind* shou'd be.

3

F A B. XXXI.

A Fox and a Stork.

A FOX and a STORK were once grown so
Great,

That the FOX invited him home to a *Treat*;
But beforehand so cunningly order'd his *Matters*,
All his *Soops* were brought up in *flat-bottom'd*
Platters:

The FOX fell to Lapping, and banter'd his *Guest*,
You're heartily welcome, says he, to my *Feast*.
The STORK found the *Trick*, and to answer
the *Bite*,

The FOX must needs sup with him the same *Night*.
The *Collation* was brought in long-necked *Glasses*,
Fill'd full of good *Meat*, with *Delicate Sawces*:
Come come, says the STORK, my good *Friend*,
do not spare,
You're as welcome as I am, if you like the *Fare*.

The

60 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The FOX saw the *Cheat*, yet could not but allow,
He was serv'd in his *Kind* for His *Treatment* but now.

The M O R A L.

*The Liberties of Conversation,
Admit a Jest upon Occasion ;
At least allow a Rowland for,
In ev'ry Case, an Oliver,
Provided nothing's done exceeding
The Rules of Honour and good Breeding.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Thus oft the *Droll* and the *Buffoon*, we see,
The Subjects made of their own *Mockery* :
The *Jest* turns round, and those that *Others* mock,
Are commonly *Themselves* the *Laughing-Stock*,
And what can look more silly than a *Cheat*,
That's over-match'd at his own *Game*, and *Beat* ?

F A B. XXXII.

A **For** and a **Carb'd Head**.

A FOX among some *Figures* found
 A very fine CARV'D HEAD,
 And after having view'd it well,
 Thus to himself he said :

What Pity 'tis this fair *Outside*
 Nothing *within* contains,
 And that so Exquisite a *Head*
 Shou'd want an *Ounce* of *Brains* !

The M O R A L.

The Barber or the Taylor can
Add nothing to the Inward Man ;
Nor is it a new thing to see
Heads finely wrought, yet Senseless be.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Fools may have Titles and a fair Outside,
 But still those *Blessings* are but ill *Apply'd*:
 Their Want of *Sense* makes *ÆSOP's Emblem* good,
 A fine CARV'D HEAD is but a Piece of *Wood*.

F A B. XXXIII.

A **Daw** and **Borrow'd Feathers.**

A DAW who strove to be a *Bean*,
 That he might make the *greater Show*,
Gay Feathers needs wou'd wear;
 And strutting in these BORROW'D PLUMES,
 The *Fool* to *Pride* himself *Presumes*,
 'Bove all the *Birds* o'th' *Air*.

This *Haughtiness*, with one *Consent*,
 The *Birds* and *Fowls* so far *Resent*,
 That they to *Scalp* him fall;

And

And when each *Bird* had him bereft
Of his own *FEATHER*, Nothing's left
To *Cover* him withal.

The M O R A L.

*Whilst Men with One Another deal,
They Wit as well as Feathers steal;
But Pride and Beggary when join'd,
Ridiculous make all Mankind.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

All *Things* are best, and all *Men* happiest too,
Who keep the Path where *Nature* bids them go.
Nature's the surest *Guide*, and only *DAWS*,
Or *Senseless Asses* wou'd invert her *Laws*.

This *DAW's Allusion*, with the *BORROW'D*
PLUMES,

Extends to ev'ry *Fool* too much *Presumes*;
Reproves all vain *Pretenders*, but the most,
Those that set up upon *Another's Cost*.

F A B. XXXIV.

An Ant and a Fly.

SAys the ANT to the FLY which begun the
Debate,

Is there any thing either in *Pleasure* or *State*,
But I have my Share on't ? And do you not see,
All *Temples* and *Palaces* open to me ?
I *Tast* with the *Gods*, and with *Princes* am free.
I am serv'd all in *Plate* ; What I drink or I eat,
Is the *Richest* of *Wine*, and the *Choicest* of *Meat* :
I trample on *Crowns*, and, as oft as I please,
I kiss *Ladies Lips* ; and all this with *Ease*.
Now what can *You* say to such *Blessings* as these ?

You Vapour and *Boast*, says the ANT, of your
Feasts,

Where you meerly *Intrude* your self for a *Guest*.
You're a *Plague* to the *People* wherever you come,
And as fast as they catch you, they send you short
Home.

Your

FABLES, &c. 65

Your *Breath's* full of *Maggots*, and the *Kisses* you
Boast

Smell Rank of the *Dungbil* from whence you came
last.

I live on my own, and with *Labour* and *Care*,
The *Wants* of the *Winter* in *Summer* prepare;
Whilst all your whole *Life* is only a *Cheat*,
And one half o'th' Year yo've Nothing to *Eat*.

The M O R A L.

Industry bere and Luxury,
Both in their proper Drefs you see :
Of one the Scandalous Excess,
Of th' other the Advantages.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Virtue, the noble *Cause* for which we're made,
Here in th' *Emblem* of the *ANT's* display'd :
On th' other hand, the *Ostentatious* *FLY*,
Shews us a *Life* of *Pride* and *Vanity*.

Happy the *Men*, that like this *ANT* despise
The *Lazy Greatness* of *Luxurious* *FLIES* ;

That

66 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

That on their Own in Peace and Quiet live,
Still thanking Heav'n for what 'tis pleas'd to give.

Unvex'd by *Factions*, undisturb'd with *Noise*,
The honest virtuous Man his *Life Enjoys*,
Whilst the vain *Fop*, with *Danger* and *Disgrace*,
Flutters about, and *Shirks* from Place to Place;
*Brag*s of his *Pleasures*, *Boasts* of mighty Things,
Of *Ladies Favours* and the *Ears of Kings*;
Prattles of deep *Intrigues*, *pretends* to know
How all th' *Affairs* in *Church* and *State* will go.
Now who can hear such *Vile Intruders* lie,
Without the ANT's *Reflections* on the FLY?

F A B. XXXV.

A Frog and an Ox.

AS an over-grown OX in a Meadow was
Grazing,

An Envious old FROG stood by him a Gazing;
She calls to her Young Ones, says she, Do you see
That *Monstrous Beast*? I'll be *Bigger* than He.

So

FABLES, &c. 67

So to *Straining* she fell, and herself so much *Fore'd*,
That in the *Conclusion* she *Swell'd* till she *Burst*.

The M O R A L.

By Envy, Pride, and dire Ambition;
Men swell too big for their Condition;
And still to swell themselves will try,
Till they at last in Pieces fly.

R E F L E C T I O N.

This Emblem lashes Those that will pretend,
With Men of twenty times their *Worth*, to spend,
The Man that *Vies* with those above his *Strength*,
Like this proud FROG, must *Burst* himself at length.

F A B. XXXVI.

An Ass and a Wolf.

AN ASS that had gotten a *Thorn* in his *Foot*,
Thought a WOLF with his *Teeth* cou'd
best draw it out.

The

68 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The *Thorn* was drawn out, and the *ASS* for his
Pains,
Gave his *Surg'on* a *Kick* almost dash'd out his
Brains.

F A B. XXXVII.

A *Horse* and a *Lyon.*

THere was of old a hungry *LYON*,
That some good *Horse-Flesh* had his *Eye* on,
But knowing that the *NAG* was swift,
Resolves to try another *Shift*.

He puts himself into the *Dress*,
Of *One* that *Physick* did *Profess*;
And more to make him prize his *Knowledge*,
Told him that he belong'd to th' *College*;
And then lets fall a *Word-or two*,
The *Manner* of his *Trade* to shew.
The *HORSE* soon smelt out his *Design*,
And *Plots* him thus to *Countermine*.

Some

Some Days ago, I chanc'd to get,
Says he, a *Thorn* into my Foot,
The Pain of which torments me yet.
Oh, says the *Doctor*, if that's all,
Hold up your *Leg*, I'll ease your *Thrall*.

}

The LYON, without more to do,
Prepares his Office to pursue ;
But here the *Patient* was too quick,
And gave the *Doctor* such a *Kick*,
That at full length he lay for dead,
And so unhurt away he fled.

The M O R A L of the Two Fables.

Harm watch Harm catch, *we often see*
A common Rule in Equity :
And who to Cheat the Cheater's able,
Does only what is Warrantable.

R E F L E C T I O N .

He that will trust a *Foe* in a *Disguise*,
Subjects himself to all his *Rogueries*.

When

70 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

When Men suspect false *Play*, 'tis then their Part
To circumvent the *Trick* with *Counter-Art*,
Provided always that it manag'd be
Without the *Breach* of *Faith* and *Honesty*.
Self-Preservation in the HORSE and ASS
Is what may be allow'd in any *Case*.

F A B. XXXVIII.

A *horse* and an *Ass*.

IN Times heretofore, when HORSES and ASSES
Spoke *Latin* and *Greek*, and could *Reason* of
Cases,

An *Encounter* once happen'd 'twixt a HORSE on
the *Road*

And a poor creeping ASS sinking under his *Load*.

Why how now, you *Slave*, says the HORSE, don't
you see

By these *Arms*, and these *Trappings*, whose *Servant*
I be?

And d'ye not know, when my *Master* is there,
The *Weight* of the *State* on my *Shoulders* I bear?

Get

FABLES, &c. 71

Get you out of the *Track*, or I'll tread thee to *Dirt*,
Like an *Insolent, Scandalous Slave* as thou art.

At this the poor *ASS* flunk out of the *Way*,
But then had the *Folly* and *Malice* to say ;
Oh! what would I give, could I change but my State
With this happy Creature, and live at his Rate!

This *Fancy* continu'd in his Head all along,
Till he saw the same *Horse* in a Cart drawing *Dung*.
Why how now, *Old Friend*, says the *ASS*, how
comes this?

By the pure *Chance of War*, says th' Other, so 'tis ;
I have been in a *Battle* along with my *Master*,
And there being *Maim'd* am thus fall'n to *Disaster*.

The M O R A L.

Of Pride, the Folly and the Fate,
The Blessings of a mean Estate ;
With what is not, and what's our own,
Are briefly in this Fable shown.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Now what a *Lesson's* here for those *Mad Fools*,
At Other's *Greatness*, who *Torment* their *Souls* !

By

72 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

By an *Exalted State* we only gain,
To be more wretched and the more in pain :
Pleasure nor *Wine* can't drown the *Great Man's* Cares,
Nor *Mirth*, nor *Musick*, over-noise his *Fears* ;
Only the *Blessings* of a *Middle State*,
Can help a little to allay our *Fate*.

How wretched are we then, who seldom know
To bear high *Fortune*, or endure a low !
Urg'd on by *Envy*, *Arrogance* and *Pride*,
Ourselves against ourselves we still *Divide*,
Without confid'ring, what is always true,
By suff'ring well *Misfortunes* we subdue.

A brave unshaken *Temper*, and a *Mind*
Inur'd to *Danger*, and to *Fate* *Resign'd*,
No *State* can alter, nor no *Objects* blind.

Wou'd Men the *brittle State* of *Things* survey,
'Twou'd both their *Envy* and their *Pride* allay.
By want of *Judgment*, or by want of *Thought*,
Most of the *Ills* in *Human Life* are wrought :
Men do not, or at least they will not see
The strange *Effects* of *Mutability*,

Of which the *Moral* in the *Fable* here
Gives a strong *Proof* as *Words* or *Sense* can bear.

The ASS grows *Mad* to see his *Fellow Beast*
With *Arms* and *Trappings* for the *Battle Drest* :
Oh ! could I but Conditions change (says *He*)
With this fine Horse, how happy should I be !
And thus he *Rav'd*, until at length he *spy'd*
This *HORSE* *Reduc'd*, and to a *Dung-Cart* ty'd. }
A wretched *Emblem* of exalted *Pride* !

F A B. XXXIX.

A Bat and Weasel.

A WEASEL seizing of a BAT,
The BAT for *Mercy* cries :
No, no, says she, I spare no Birds ;
To which the BAT replies.

I am no *Bird*, as you may see,
In short I am a *Mouse* :
On which the WEASEL said no more,
But set her *Captive* loose.

E

This

74 Sir Roger *L'Estrange's*

This very BAT soon after this
Another Weasel *Seiz'd*,
And here again she's forc'd to Beg
That she might be *Releas'd*:

No, no, says she, I'll *save* no *Mouſe*;
Says t'other, I'm a *Bird*:
And ſo in both *Capacities*
The *Trimming* BAT is Spar'd.

F A B. XL.

A Bat, Birds and Beasts.

W^Hen once the BIRDS and BEASTS fell out,
And a moſt bloody *Battle Fought*,
The BAT ſtood *Neuter*, till ſhe found
The BEASTS were like to gain the Ground;
Then to the *Stronger Side* ſhe flew,
As in moſt Caſes Trimmers do.
But afterwards it ſo fell out,
The BIRDS their *Broken Troops Recruit*,
And carry'd, in their Turn, the Day:
That then to them ſhe made her Way,

Where

Where she by *Martial Law* was Try'd
 For going o'er to t'other Side;
 Banish'd and Stript, and in the End,
 Never to see the Day, condemn'd.

F A B. XLI.

An Ostrich, Birds and Beasts.

THE *Creature*, an OSTRICH, has the common
Repute,

To be one half a BIRD, and th'other half BRUTE.

This *Amphibious Wretch* was twice the same Day,

In a *Fight* 'twixt the BIRDS and the BEASTS,
 made a Prey:

They severally took him, for he *Fought* against Both,
 But neither could tell which *Side* he was of.

The BIRDS wou'd have prov'd him a BEAST if
 they cou'd,

And the BEASTS for a BIRD the *Creature* Pursu'd:

But neither cou'd fix him, so *Amphibious* was He;

For tho' he seem'd both, yet neither cou'd be.

The MORAL of the three Fables above.

*Trimming is sometimes foul, but then
At other times 'tis fair agen.
In many Instances we see,
To Trim there's a Necessity:
But then in this requires our Skill
To find out when 'tis Good or Ill.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Three diff'rent *Meanings* these three *Fables* have,
But all condemn the *Shuffling Trimming Knave*:
The Bat i'th' *Weasel's Claw* was not to blame
To save her *Life* altho' she chang'd her Name; }
Many an honest Man has done the same:
In such a *Case* a *Man's* allow'd some *Grains*,
Provided *Truth* and *Honour* he *Retains*.

But next the NEUTRAL BAT a *Trimmer* shows,
That leaves his *Sinking Friends*, and joins their *Foes*:
A downright, base, ungrateful, gen'ral *Rogue*;
And yet there's some of these are still in vogue.

Oh

Oh! may I live to see them meet the *Fate*,
That justly fell to this perfidious BAT.

Then for the OSTRICH, 'tis a diff'rent Case,
He *Fought*, and in the *Battle* taken was :
He had a *Trimmers Shape*, but not his *Heart*,
And was brought off by *Nature* more than *Art* :
In such a Case the *Meaning* and the *Will*,
Make the *Aggressors*, and procure the *Ill*.

F A B. XLII.

A **W**OLF and a **F**OX.

A WOLF had a mind to take his *Repose*,
So stores up *Provisions* and kept himself close:
Says the FOX, Why my *Friend*, why where have
You been ?

Tis many a Day since You have been seen.
That's true, says the WOLF, I have been very Ill;
Pray give me your *Pray'rs*, for so I am still.
The FOX had a *Fetch* in't, but finding his *Sham*
Wou'd not pass on the WOLF, to a *Shepherd* he
came,

E 3

And

78 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

And told him that he a WOLF might Surprise:
 He took his Advice, and the VERMIN Destroys:
 Which no sooner was done, but the FOX, as next Heir,
 To seize on his Stores, to his Cell does Repair:
 But He did not long enjoy what he'd got,
 Before, like the WOLF, He Himself went to Pot.

THE MORAL.

Sharppers, like Pikes, we often find
 Will Bite and Prey on their own Kind.
 When Thieves fall out with One Another,
 'Tis but one Diamond cutting t'other.

REFLECTION.

An Envious Man can never happy be;
 He is the World's and his own Enemy;
 And all wise Men avoid his Company.
 This Fable shews the Danger and the Fate,
 That on Himself and his Companions wait.
 The WOLF upon the FOX has a Design,
 The crafty FOX the WOLF does Countermine;
 Two Knaves well match'd! At last the Shepherd came,
 Destroy'd them both, and so concludes the Game.

F A B.

F A B. XLIII.

A Stag Drinking.

ON the Bank of a River as a STAG stood a
Drinking,

He spy'd his own *Image*, and then fell a *Thinking*.
Now, says he, if my *Shanks* were but made like
my *Head,*

How I might defy all the *Foes* I now *Dread*.

The Words were scarce past, but he happen'd to *Spy*

A large *Pack* of *Dogs* coming t'wards him full *Cry* :

At this off he *Scours*, and his *Heels* being good,

He *Casts* off the *Hounds* and *Recovers* a *Wood* :

But pressing thro' *Bushes*, by the *Horns* he is held,

Till the *Huntsmen* and *Dogs* came in, and he's *Kill'd*.

The M O R A L.

*The Man that is so mere an Elf,
That he don't truly know himself ;
No wonder but his Judgment's lost
In Matter's that concern him most.*

REFLECTION.

Thus *Men* are often guilty of *Mistake* ;
The *Good* for *Bad*, the *Bad* for *Better* take ;
By *wild Fantastick Notions* overfway'd,
Till, like this *STAG*, to *Ruin* they're *Betray'd*.

He that would know himself must *Inward* look,
And often *Read* and *Study Nature's Book*.

F A B. XLIV.

A *Snake* and a *File*.

A *SNAKE* into a *Smith's Shop* got,
And needs would *Lick* a *FILE* ;
And tho' her *Blood* had made it hot,
Kept *Licking* all the while.

She *fancy'd* 'twas the *FILE* that *Bled*,
And she was in the *Right* ;
But when she found out her *Mistake*,
Then next she fell to *Bite*.

But

But finding that the FILE was Proof
 'Gainst both her *Teeth* and *Tongue*,
 She thought it proper to leave off,
 Since she was in the wrong.

THE MORAL.

To Snap and Bite for Biting sake,
 Shews Men as foolish as this SNAKE:
 And those that thus indulge their Spite,
 Oftner themselves than others Bite.

REFLECTION.

Some Men in Hurting Others feel no Pain,
 Altho' the Hurt turns on themselves again:
 This is the Case when Spiteful Fools will try
 To Snarl and Bite, and Kick at Those too high.
 Such only, like the SNAKE that Bit the FILE,
 Break their own Teeth, suck their own Blood the
 while.

F A B. XLV.

A *League* between the **Wolves**
and the **Sheep**.

WHen with the WOLVES the SHEEP
Wag'd War,
 The DOGS being their *Allies,*
 In most *Encounters* they O'ermatch'd
 And Beat their *Enemies :*

On which the WOLVES propose to *Treat,*
 And till they made the Peace,
 Both *Parties* gave their *Hostages*
Hostilities should cease.

The SHEEP on their part sent the *Dogs,*
 Their best and only *Helps :*
 The crafty WOLVES on their part sent
 For *Hostages,* their *Whelps.*

Now

But while the *Treaty* was on *Foot*,
The *Whelps* to *Howling* fall:
On which *Pretence*, the Subtle WOLVES
Cry'd, *Treason ! Treason ! all.*

And then fell foul upon the SMEEP,
Who, wanting of their *Guard*,
Were forc'd, for their *Improvvidence*,
To pay a *Just Reward*.

The M O R A L.

'Tis *senseless* to the last Degree
To hope for Peace or Amity,
Or t'enter into Leagues with those
Whom Nature has ordain'd our Foes.
Besides, a Foolish Peace is far
More Dang'rous than a bloody War.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Here in the *Emblem* of the SHEEP we see,
How dang'rous 'tis to trust an *Enemy*.
No *Treaties* can be Safe where *Mortal Foes*,
For their *Advantage*, their own *Terms* propose.

Treaties

84 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Treaties are set on foot, and *Leagues* are made
By *Crafty Statesmen* in their *Way of Trade*;
Truces, *Cessations*, and a *World of Form*,
And all perhaps but to divert a *Storm*.

But this is no new Thing; alas! we see
Daily *Examples* of this *Treachery*.
Like these false WOLVES, there's some deceitful
Men
All *Rules of Justice* and of *Law* contemn:
To gain their Point they stick at no *Design*;
Cajole, *Trepan*, *Betray* and *Undermine*.

F A B. XLVI.

An *Ar* and a *Forest*.

A Fellow with an AX's Head
To the next FOREST went,
To beg a *Handle*, and for that
He quickly got Consent.

This

This *Matter* at the first seem'd small;
But when the *Trees* had found,
That by this *Handle's* Help they were
All doom'd to be cut down.

There is no *Remedy*, they cry'd,
But *Patience*, when we are
By our own *Folly* thus undone,
And led into a *Snare*.

F A B. XLVII.

A *Tree* and a *Wedge*.

AS a Man to make WEDGES was cutting a
TREE,

Says the TREE, How extremely Afflicted I be?
Nor is it so much I complain of the *Ax*,
As it is of the *Man* that the *Business* transacts;
And what is a *Torment* too great to be born,
By the *Fruit* of my *Body* in *Pieces* I'm torn!

86 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

F A B. XLVIII.

The Eagle and Arrow.

AS an EAGLE was watching for a *Hare* on a
Rock,
By an ARROW, that bore her own *Feathers,* she's
struck;
Which Misfortune, she said, by twenty to one,
Went nearer her Heart than her *Death* would have
done.

F A B. XLIX.

A Thrush taken with Birdlime.

TWas once the *Fate* of a poor THRUSH,
With other *Birds* upon a *Bush,*
With *Lime-Twigs* to be caught ;
On which she sadly thus *Reflects,*
One of this BIRDLIME's chief *Effects*
From my own *Guts* is brought.

Not

Not half so much, says the poor *Bird*,
Am I tormented and disturb'd
To think that I shall die,
As I am troubled when I find,
'Tis by the *Gods* and *Fate* Design'd
My Self shou'd *Ruin Me*.

The MORAL of the Four Fables above.

*Nothing in his Misfortunes can
So nearly Touch and Wound a Man,
As when he finds he is undone
By Things or Follies of his own.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Most of the Ills in human *Life* are wrought
Thro' want of *Judgment*, or thro' want of *Thought*:
Men, without looking, blindly blunder on,
And rarely stop to *Think* till they're undone.

The FOREST, without thinking, *Grants* the
Clown
A *Handle* for his AX to Cut it down :

E'en

88 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

E'en so our Modern Fools they never *Think*,
Till they are just upon Destruction's *Brink*,

'Tis true, some *Things* in *Nature* secret lie,
Too close for *Wisdom's* or *Precaution's Eye* :
But this can no good *Argument Advance*,
To prove we ought to *Speak* and *Act* by chance.

The *Emblems* of the THRUSH and EAGLE
show,
That *Men* are both by *Chance* and *Nature* too,
To their own *Ruin Accessaries* made;
And this methinks should make us still afraid.

This should induce us daily to *Reflect*,
To fear the *Worst*, and e'en the *Best* suspect :
Cold, Hunger, Prison's Ills, without a Cure,
All these we must, and *Guileless* oft, endure.

F A B. L.

The Belly and the Members.

THE *Commoners* of *Rome* were gone
Once so far into *Faction*,

They'd bear no *Arms*, no *Taxes* pay ;
'Twas 'gainst their *Liberty*, they say ;
Nor wou'd they be compell'd t'obey.

At length so high the *Faction* Run,
And all was in *Confusion*,

Until a *Senator* in *Vogue*,

To calm 'em, brought this *Apologue*.

}

Once the *Hands* and the *Feet* into *Mutiny* fall,
And *Rail* at the *BELLY* that they must do all.
Their *Reason* was this, we *Labour* and *Toil*,
Whilst you *Live* at *Ease*, and *Glut* on the *Spoil* ;
If the *Body* won't *Work*, say they, we'll forbear
Any longer to make it our *Charge* or our *Care*.
And so long in this *Mutinous Humour* they lasted,
That for want of *Subsistence* the *MEMBERS* all

Wasted :

Upon

B.

90 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Upon which, in the End, when they found their
Mistake,

They were willing enough some *Atonement* to make;

But now 'tis too late, and the *Body's* so *Pin'd,*

That from all they could do no *Relief* it could find:

Which gave them to understand *by the by,*

That the *Body* and MEMBERS together must die.

The M O R A L.

The Publick Body is but One,

Of which the Prince is Head alone;

And who from Him his Service draws,

Breaks Nature's and his Country's Laws.

R E F L E C T I O N.

In human *Bodies*, as in *States*, we see,

There must be still a fixt *Oeconomy*;

Each MEMBER must *Its* proper *Office* do,

Or in the End *Destruction* must ensue.

This *Caution* too should stand above the rest,

Not to defer our Duty to the last.

The *Hands* and *Feet* into *Rebellion* fall,
And found their *Error* when they'd ruin'd all:
They saw the sad *Effects* when 'twas too late,
And that themselves must share the Common Fate.

F A B. LI.

An *Ape* and a *Fox*.

A Bare-Ars'd APE went to a FOX
To beg a *Bit* of *Tail*;
You have enough for both, says he,
But that wou'd not prevail.

Says *Reynard*, Were it twice as large
You shou'd not have a *Hair* :
Sirrah, a FOX's *Tail* wan't made
For such an APE to wear.

The MO-

The M O R A L.

*To ev'ry Creature there's Assign'd
 A Make and Lot that suits its Kind :
 And Men should not correcting stand,
 What's form'd by an Almighty Hand.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Too many *Fools* we have, who, like this APE,
 Impertinently strive to mend their *Shape* :
 To gratifie their *Folly* or their *Pride*,
 They ask such Things that *Nature* has deny'd.

In *Asking* and *Denying* there are *Rules*
 Shou'd be observ'd, as well to *Knaves* as *Fools* :
 Some *Blockheads* Ask, som Crafty *Knaves* Deny,
 And both perhaps can give no *Reason* why.

In short, *Mankind* may their own *Wishes* Grant ;
 For they that Covet *Nothing*, *Nothing* want.

F A B. LII.

A Lark and her Young Ones.

There was a *Brood* of LARKS i'th' Corn,
 Whose *Dam* went out from *Morn* to *Morn*
 To *Forage* for their *Food*,
 And charg'd 'em, till she came, that they
 Shou'd look about 'em ev'ry Way,
 And get what *News* they cou'd.

At her *Return* they to her go,
 In deep *Concern* to let her know,
 The *Owner* had been there ;
 And that the *Neighbours* all around,
 The *Corn* he'd *Order'd* to Cut down,
 And thither to *Repair*.

Well well, says she, you need not fear,
 If that be all, no *Hurt* is near.

Next Day, when she came home,
 The fearful YOUNG ONES tell their Dam,
 That now they were inform'd the *Man*
 Had ask'd his *Friends* to come.

In

94 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

In this, my *Little Ones*, says she,
No Danger yet appears to me,
So out again she *flies* :
But then next Day, when she came home,
They told the *Man* himself would come :
Then we'll be gone *She* cries.

His *Friends* and *Neighbours* I don't fear,
But when he'll come himself I hear,
'Tis then high time to go :
The *Master* I am well assur'd,
In this respect will keep his Word,
'Tis his own *Business* too.

F A B. LIIL.

The Stag and the Oxen.

A STAG that by *Huntsmen* was press'd very
hard,
For *Sanctuary* runs to a Stall in a *Yard* ;
And prevail'd with the OXEN to conceal him a
while,
Who hid him i'th' *Straw* the *Men* to beguile :

By

FABLES, &c. 95

By and by came the *Keepers* and to *Dressing* them fall,
And their *Work* being done away they went all.
Upon this, says the STAG, I think I'm secure;
Says a crafty Old OX, but don't be too sure:
These *Servants* are heedless and slovenly too,
But then comes my Master, and he'll look Things
thro'

Now whilst he was Speaking the *Master* came in,
And to *Feel* and to *Peep* in each Hole does begin;
And whilst he was *Prying* and *Groping* about,
The *Horns* of the STAG in the Straw he felt out.

The MORAL of the Two Fables.

*The doing Business well, Demands
The Master's Presence, or his Hands:
Nay oftentimes good Servants are
Ruin'd, without their Master's Care.*

REFLECTION.

Int'rest is the grand Point on which Men move,
For this they seem to Hate, and seem to Love:
For Int'rest Foes are Friends, Friends Foes again,
And in their Turns are *Knaves* or *Honest Men*.

Who

96 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Who then would trust a *Slave*, whom Gold can bend,
To sacrifice his *Master* or his *Friend*?

This makes the Moral of these Fables true,
That ev'ry Man shou'd his own Work pursue.
By trusting *Servants* most are *Overstay'd*,
And *Princes* by their *Ministers* *Betray'd*.

F A B. LIV.

A Fox and a Sick Lyon.

A Certain LYON on a time,
Pretending he was ill,
Observ'd among the *Beasts* that came,
The FOX was absent still.
And so a Letter to him writes,
To let him know that he
Did in his *Sickness* very much
Desire his *Company*.
The FOX return'd the *Complement*,
And soft *Expressions* us'd;
But as for coming to his *Den*,
He beg'd to be excus'd.

For by the Traces of the Feet
As I observe, says he,
Abundance to your *Palace* go,
But none return I see.

The M O R A L.

*The Kindness of Designing Men
Shou'd be weigh'd o're and o're agen.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Under the Veil of *Complement* there lies
A world of secret *Mischief* in Disguise.
Men therefore shou'd exceeding careful be
To weigh the Nature of Civility:
Nor is it a small *Point* to judge aright
Between the *Honest Man* and *Hypocrite*.

The L Y O N here, to cover his *Deceit*,
Feigns himself Sick, as the most proper *Bait*:
Then to the F O X a formal *Letter* sends,
You know, says he, that we have long been *Friends*;
'Twou'd be some Comfort to me e're I *dye*,
To have a little of your *Company*.

98 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

The FOX first weighs the Matter well, and then
Returns the LYON's *Complement* agen :
I wish you Health, says he, but pray excuse
Your Slave, if he to visit you refuse.
Few *Visitants* are best if you are Sick;
Pardon me, Sir, if I suspect a *Trick*.

Through *Veils* of *Words* thus Wise Men view
the Mind,
And what is Solid, what is Empty find.

F A B. LV.

A Fox and a Weasel.

A FOX that was thin,
To a *Hen-Roost* got in,
Where he *stuff'd* till his *Guts* were so full ;
That when he'd have gone
By the *Hole* that he come,
He cou'd not get out for his Soul.

FABLES, &c. 99

A WEASEL who spy'd
How he wrigg'l'd and try'd,
Cry'd out, *Brother* REYNARD, 'tis vain;
You can never get out
Of the *Hole* with out doubt,
Till your *Belly's* grown empty again.

The MORAL.

Temp'rance *the* Mind in Order sets;
And Men for Thought and Business fits:
On *th'other* hand th'intemp'rate Oaf
Destroys *the* Mind and Body both.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The *Middle-State* is of all *States* the best,
Not with too much, nor with too little prest.
And as the *Body* so the *Mind* shou'd be,
From all *Excess* and all *Disorders* free.
The FOX's Emblem here may serve to shew
What a *Voracious Appetite* will do,
And caution all *Rapacious Statesmen* too.

F A B. LVI.

A Boar and a Horse.

IT hap'ned on a time a BOAR
Lay wallowing in a Water,
At which a HORSE being come to drink,
They quarrel'd on the Matter.

The HORSE goes to a Man, and begs
That he wou'd take his Part :
On some Conditions, says the Man,
I'll do't with all my heart.

The Bargain struck, he mounts the HORSE,
Who bore him to the Place ;
Where he with Pleasure saw the BOAR
Destroy'd before his Face.

The HORSE return'd the Man his Thanks,
And was about to go :
No, says the Man, we must not part,
I have more Work for you.

And

And so he's to the *Stable* led,
 By which he came to see,
 That in *Exchange* for his *Revenge*
 H'had pay'd his *Liberty*.

F A B. LVII.

A Stag and a Horse.

TWIXT a STAG and a HORSE there
 hap'ned a *Fray*,
 And the STAG got the better and carry'd the Day.
 The HORSE, who but ill cou'd brook the *Affronts*,
 Goes strait to a *Man* for his *Counsel* upon't.
 Says the *Man* to the HORSE, if You wou'd submit
 To be *Bridl'd* and *Saddl'd* and *Rid* with a *Bit*,
 I'll *Embark* in your *Quarrel*; and take it from me,
 That Soon on this STAG Reveng'd you shall be.
 The Terms were Agreed, so his *Passion* to Please,
 The HORSE was *Enslav'd* to the End of his *Days*.

The MORAL of the Two Fables.

*Men of themselves should Measure take,
 Before they Resolutions make,
 And strictly should examine too
 What Things they can, or cannot do.
 He's mad some petty Evil shuns,
 And into greater Danger runs;
 And for Revenge or Humour sake,
 Himself a Slave for Life does make.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Revenge to narrow Minds is incident,
 And 'tis to none but such it gives Content:
 A little Soul's too weak to bear Affront;
 Only the Brave can Injuries surmount.
 Revenge at first, tho' sweet, still back recoils,
 And then turns bitter and the Pleasure spoils.*

F A B. LVIII.

Two Young Men and a Cook.

INTO th' *Shop* of a COOK Two YOUNG
FELLOWS got,

And whilst that the *Master* at his *Bus'ness* was hot,
ONE *stole* a *Piece* and to th'OTHER convey'd it;
Which the *Master* soon miss'd from the Place h'had
laid it.

Being charg'd with the *Theft*, HE that took it
swore hard

That HE had it not; HE that had it *declar'd*

That HE did not take it. Says the COOK, very
well:

But then give me leave my *Masters* to tell,

Tho' these *Cheats* and these *Tricks* on Men a while
pass,

Yet there's *One* Above sees who the *Thief* was.

The M O R A L.

There is no blinding of that Eye,

Doth our most secret Actions spy.

104 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

*Who Makes us, too well knows our Hearts,
To be deceiv'd by little Arts.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

This *Fable* shews the *Vanity* of those,
At once both on *Themselves* and *Heav'n* impose,
Lying and *Tricking* may with Men prevail,
But *Heaven's* unerring *Wisdom* cannot fail :
There's no *Disguise* those piercing *Eyes* can blind,
That view the inmost *Secrets* of the *Mind*.

F A B. LIX.

A Dog and a Butcher.

A S a BUTCHER was busy in dressing his Meat,
A DOG seiz'd a Heart and made his Retreat.
The BUTCHER who saw him go off with the
Prey,
Calls out, Mr. DOG, pray observe what I say :
You may e'en make the best of your Purchase for
once,
But the next time you rob me then I am the Dunce.
The MO-

The M O R A L.

*He that by Loss does Wisdom gain,
Is a great Saver in the main;
And this in all Calamity,
To Men a standing Rule should be.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Men that Wisdom buy, altho' 'tis dear,
Yet in the End they mighty Gainers are.
Cautions to stubborn Fools are us'd in vain,
Only the Wise from Cautions reap the Gain.
The burnt Child dreads the Fire, the Proverb says,
Which ev'ry Day confirms a Thousand Ways.

F A B. LX.

A Wolf, a Lamb, and a Goat.

A LAMB once following of a GOAT,
A hungry WOLF came by;
Why what a Fool thou art, says she,
To keep such Company.

F s

What!

106 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

What! leave your *Mother* and your *House*
With such a *Beast* to be?

Well, says the LAMB, but I am here
For my *Security*.

Besides my *Mother* plac'd me here,
And hence I will not stir:
If I were in a proper *Place*,
I know your *Meaning*, Sir.

The M O R A L.

A Parent's Order and Command
In all just Things should firmly stand:
Ill Men we see, by bad Advice,
Children to disobey entice:
And Children thus that disobey,
Are in Destruction's ready Way.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Thus, like this WOLF, some vile *Seducers* try
To trick Men out of their *Security*:
The wheedling *Vermin* wou'd seduce the LAMB,
To leave her *Guard* and disobey her *Dam*;

And

And what is this but an old beaten *Way*
Which crafty Knaves make use of to *betray*.

F A B. LXI.

A Cat and Venus.

A Fellow so much lov'd a CAT,
That VENUS still he wou'd be at;
And ev'ry Day the *Goddess* pray'd
That *Puss* might be a *Woman* made:
As he desir'd, *transform'd* she was,
And out she came a *buxom* LASS.
The *doating* Coxcomb took her home,
But when at Night to *Bed* they come,
VENUS to try whether the CAT
Had chang'd her *Manners* with her *Shape*,
Into the Chamber turn'd a *Mouse*;
Which made the CAT from *Bed* break loose;
And not regarding *Marriage* Ties,
As usual, at the *Mouse* she flies;
Which VENUS took in such Disdain,
That she turn'd *Madam Puss* again.

The MO-

The MORAL.

*As none can Nature's Force surmount,
 So none for Love can make Account.
 In this the only Difference lies,
 One makes Men Fools, the other Wise.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Love has no Bound in Pleasure or in Pain,
 Nor Nature's Bias nothing can restrain :
 Love's furious Transports roll about the Mind,
 As Flames are carry'd by tempestuous Wind :
 A Passion 'tis so violent, strong and sure,
 No Age can alter, nor no Art can cure:
 Old Men and Boys it equally affects,
 And robs 'em both of all their Intellects.*

*Anger in hasty Words may find Relief,
 And Tears may soften and abate our Grief :
 So ev'ry other Passion but fond Love,
 Unto its own Redress may something move.
 But Love ! fond Love ! the wretched Slave inclines
 To that which most prevents his own Designs.*

Love

Love makes Men *play the Fool* and *Sigh* and *Weep*;
Boast, Lye and Flatter, Tremble, Fawn and Creep :
Postures that render them the most despis'd,
 Where they are most endeav'ring to be priz'd.

This doating *Fool* must have his *CAT* *Transform'd*,
 And what's the Effect of that but to be *Scorn'd* ?
 Home to his *Bed* he takes the charming *Puss*,
 Who soon turns *Filse*, and leaves him for a *Mouse*. }
In Brutal Minds we find it always thus.

F A B. LXII.

A Father and his Sons.

A N *Honest Man* whose *Children* us'd
 To *Wrangle, Scold* and *Fight* ;
 Calls for a *Rod*, and bids 'em try
 To Break't with all their *Might*.

With all their *Force* they *One* by *One*
 To break the *Bundle* try'd,
 But could not make it bend ; tho' all
 Their utmost *Strength* apply'd.

Well,

110 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Well, says the Man, unbind it now,
Observe me what I say,
And take the *Twigs* apart and try
What you can do that way.

They did so ; and with ease they broke.
This is your Case, says he,
Together keep and you are safe,
Divide you'll ruin'd be.

The M O R A L.

*By breach of Unity the World
Into a State of War is hurld :
The dearest Friends and Brothers too,
Contend each other to undoe.
But whilst the Bond of Peace is sure,
Each others Safety they procure.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Force of *Union*, and the *Danger* here
Of *Discord* and *Division* plain appear :
The *Father* by the *Rod* his *Children* shows,
How by their *Broyls* their *Safety* they expose.

Divided

*Divided Fam'lies, like Divided States,
Bring Discontent and Ruine to their Gates :
With senseless Rage they on each other fall,
Until a Gen'ral Mischiefe seizeth all.*

F A B. LXIII.

A Laden Ass and a Horse.

AS a HORSE and an ASS
Upon the *Way* pass,
The ASS cry'd out for his *Aid* :
Oh help me, says he,
Tho' but little it be,
Or I shall fall down I'm afraid.

But the HORSE, like a *Brute*,
Refusing his *Suit*,
The ASS sunk under his *Load* ;
Upon which when their *Master*,
Came to know the *Disaster*,
He had the ASS flay'd on the *Road*.

Then

112 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Then laid the whole *Pack*,
Skin and all, on the *Back*
Of the HORSE, who was heard to confess,
That the *Ill* he endur'd,
He himself had procur'd,
By not helping his *Friend* in *Distress*.

THE MORAL.

Members of the same Body shou'd,
To One Another still do Good.

REFLECTION.

The *Business* of *Mankind* is more or less,
To help each other when they're in *Distress*.
For this w're Born, for this we are *Design'd*,
And thus alone we can preserve our *Kind*.

F A B. LXIV.

A Collier and a Fuller.

A COLLIER once a FULLER did
An Invitation give,
 To come into a *House* with him,
 And there together live.

The FULLER gave him many *Thanks*
 That he'd so *Civil* be,
 But told him that it wou'd not stand
 With his *Conveniency*.

For if I live with you, says he,
 As fast as I make clean,
 You will be coming *to and fro*,
 And *Smutting* it again.

F A B.

F A B. LXV.

A Thrush and a Swallow.

SAYS a THRUSH, my *Dear Mother*, no *Creature*
 I'm sure,
 Such a *Friend* as the SWALLOW did ever procure.
 And, says she, I believe no *Mother* e're had
 Such a *Fool* to her Son, or a *Coxcomb* so mad:
 To make *Friendship* with those with whom you
 can't live,
 Small Proof of your *Judgment* or *Conduct* you give:
 The SWALLOW the *Summer*, you the *Winter* enjoy,
 And what preserves one, does the other destroy.

The MORAL of the two Fables above.

*In all the Affairs we take in hand,
 This Rule will always useful stand;
 Strictly to know the State of Those,
 With whom a Friendship we propose.*

F A B.

REFLECTION.

These *Fables* caution us to have a *Care*,
 With whom in *Friendship* we contracted are:
 Some *Men* by *Nature* so divided be,
 Their *Manners* and their *Humours* can't agree:
 Like *Dogs* of different *Kinds* in *Couples* bound,
 They *snarl*, and *tug*, and *tumble* on the Ground.

F A B. LXVI.

A Fowler and a Pigeon.

AS a Man at a PIGEON was making a *Shoot*,
 He trod on a *Snake*, and it bit him by th'
 Foot:

The *Surprize* was so great, and the *Pain* was so new,
 That he startled, and so away the *Bird* flew.

The MO-

116 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

THE MORAL.

*'Twixt Gifts of Providence and Good-Will,
The Wisest Men distinguish still;
Because the first from Heaven descend,
Which Human Will cannot pretend.*

REFLECTION.

That Holy Pow'r that Rules and Governs all,
Prevents a World of Mischief in the Fall:
By Ways unknown to us we are set free,
As in this Emblem we may fully see:

F A B. LXVII.

A Trumpeter taken Prisoner.

A TRUMPETER when th' Army fled,
Was by mishap a Pris'ner made;
And when the Soldiers were about
To Hang him, or to Cut his Throat,

Why,

Why, *Gentlemen*, says he, why will
You *kill* the *Men* that no *Men* *kill* ?
Says one o'th' *Soldiers* that stood by,
For that you're guilty more to die,
For being an *Incend'ary*.

3

THE MORAL.

*He that incites the Mischief first,
Is than the Doer more unjust ;
And 'tis the Soldier kills, altho'
He makes the Bullet give the Blow.*

REFLECTION.

Cowardly Knaves that *Men* in *Pow'r* *provoke*,
Altho' they dare not *fight* first give the *Stroke* :
Like *TRUMPETERS* they urge on those that
will ;
And what is this but doing *Mischief* still ?

Most of the *Tumults*, *Broils* and *Civil War*,
First from the *Pulpits* spring, or from the *Bar* :
The *Doctors* and the *Lawyers* *preach* and *prate*,
Till in *Confusions* they involve the *State*,

And

118 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

And then like this vile TRUMPETER they say,
We've done no *Harm*, and so they sneak away.

F A B. LXVIII.

A Dog and a Wolf.

A Thin-gutted WOLF and a handfom fat DOG,
Met once on the *Way* and together they jog:
The WOLF seem'd well pleas'd, and desir'd to
know

What *Method* he took to make him look so.
Says the DOG, I the *House* of my *Master* defend,
And for that I'm well fed and us'd like a *Friend*:
Now if you'll go with me and do as I do,
You'll have the same *Fare* and will look as well too.
The WOLF struck a *Bargain*; so together they
trot,

But as they jogg'd on the WOLF spy'd a *Spot*:
Why *Brother*, says he, thy *Neck* is all bare,
Prithee tell me, my *Friend*, what has worn off the
Hair.

Oh oh, says the DOG, if that be the *Sight*,
That's nothing at all but my *Collar's* too tight.

If

If a Collar's i'th' Case, says th' OTHER, I know
Better Things than to part with my *Liberty* so.

THE MORAL.

*Fine Outfides too much blind our Eyes
To view their Inconveniencies :
Good Meat and Drink, and a good Bed,
Are Comforts when they can be had :
But then we shou'd not bid so high
For any thing, as Liberty.*

REFLECTION.

E'en in th' Emblem of a WOLF we see,
How much we ought to prize our Liberty.
Who like the DOG wou'd have a *gay Outside*,
To live a *Slave* and be in *Fetters* ty'd ;
And yet abundance of these *Fools* we have,
That to the *free-born Man* prefer the *Slave*.

*Mean sordid Wretches these ! that never view,
What Shame and Danger such a State pursue.*

F A B. LXIX.

A Farmer and his Dogs.

A FARMER in a *Winter* once
Was drove so very nigh,
That he was forc'd to Kill his *Stock*
To feed his *Family*.

The *Sheep* went first, and next the *Goats*;
And then the *Oxen* too,
And yet to keep 'em all alive
H'had *Work* enough to do.

At this the DOGS a Council call,
And *Resolutions* take ;
Before it to their *Turn* shou'd come
Their *Master* to forsake.

For sure, say they, when he has kill'd
His *Servants* of such *Use*,
It can't be long before he'll do
The very same by *Us*.

The M O R A L.

'Gainst Nature's Wants *there is no Law*;
From whence this Inf'rence we shou'd draw,
That we should very tender be
To Persons in Necessity.

R E F L E C T I O N.

'Tis easie to be Good when we are Great,
But vi'lent Want does *Virtue* oft defeat.
The Man to save himself his *Oxen* slays,
Which much the Horror of the *Fact* allays:
Nor can the *Menial* DOGS be blam'd to fly,
When they perceiv'd the Danger was so nigh.

F A B. LXX.

A Camel at First Sight.

THE Bulk o'th'CAMEL at *First sight*,
Did all the People much *affright*;

G

But

But when upon the second *View*
 They found no *Mischief* he would do,
 They *Courage* took and nearer drew.
 And finding that, beyond Dispute,
 'Twas but a *heavy stupid Brute*,
 They *ty'd him up* and *load* the *Fool*,
 And only us'd him as their *Tool*.

F A B. LXXI.

A *Fox* and a *Lyon*.

A *FOX* that once a *LYON* met,
 The first he ever saw,
 Was ready to give up the *Ghost*,
 He struck him with such *Awe*.

Soon after he *Another* sees,
 And then a *Third* he meets,
 On which he *Courage* took, and *Him*
 In friendly manner *Greets*.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

*New Shapes and Faces Men surprize,
Like Monsters of uncommon Size ;
But that's strong Folly, since we see
Custom soon cures the Novelty.*

REFLECTION.

*Things that at first seem terrible and wild,
Are by Experience eas'ly reconcil'd.
The monstrous CAMEL in the Emblem here,
Strikes all the People with Surprize and Fear ;
But when they'd view'd him round they quickly see
There's nothing in him but meer Novelty.*

*The FOX who ne'er before a LYON saw,
Does at first fight with Trembling from him draw ;
But when some Others of his Kind he knew,
His Fears abate and he familiar grew :
Thus Custom sways, and Things grow out of Date,
Just in proportion to Mens Love or Hate.*

F A B. LXXII.

An Eagle and a Fox.

AN EAGLE and a FOX agreed
They'd *Friends and Neighbours* be;
ONE took his *Station* in a *Brake*,
The OTHER on a *Tree*.

The EAGLE one Day, when the FOX
A *Foraging* was gone,
Falls on her *Quarters*, and her *Cubs*
She seizeth ev'ry one.

The FOX came time enough to see
The EAGLE fly away,
And many heavy Curses sent
As she bore off the *Prey*.

It happen'd after this, as some
A *Goat* did *sacrifice*,
This EAGLE from the *Altar* snatch'd
A *Piece*, and home *she* flies.

Some

Some *Coals* stuck to't, it seems, that soon
 Her *Nest* on *Fire* set,
 And what was worse, her unfledg'd *Young*
 She no ways out cou'd get.

They *struggl'd* in the *Flames* a while,
 And then half *roast'd* fall ;
 So in the Presence of the *Dam*
 The *FOX* devour'd them all.

THE MORAL.

To *punish* Rulers disobey,
 God to *Himself* reserves the Way :
 His *Worship* and his *Altars* are
 Ever his own *peculiar* Care.

REFLECTION.

This should a *Caution* to all *Tyrants* be,
 That *Veng'ance* always waits on *Cruelty* :
 The Hand of *Justice* for a while forbears,
 But yet at last the *Tyrant* never spares.

From *Ill* to *Ill* remorseless *Tyrants* go,
 Regardless what they say, or what they do ;

126 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

*Deaf to all Mercy, to all Justice blind,
Not Royal Faith, nor sacred Oaths can bind :
And what's th'Event, but like the EAGLE here,
To bring home Coals to set themselves on fire.*

F A B. LXXIII.

A Husbandman and a Stork.

A STORK once taken in a Net,
For Geese and Cranes was laid,
Her Innocence and Vertue did
For her Enlargement plead.

'Bove all the Creatures I love Men,
And daily serve 'em too.
Why truly says the HUSBANDMAN,
All that, I own, is true :

But those that keep ill Company,
If with 'em they are catch'd,
I think for Company they ought
With them to be *dispatch'd*.

The M O.

THE MORAL:

Good Company's the only Thing
At once doth Wealth and Honour bring;
And as the Birds of the same Feather,
Most commonly will Flock together :
So if the Good with Bad are taken,
They can't expect to save their Bacon.

REFLECTION.

In all th' *Affairs of Human Life*, there's none
 Concerns Men more than *Conversation* :
Wealth and Reputation, and all that Men shou'd prize,
 In a right Choice of their *Companions* lies.

How many sad *Examples* may we see
 Of those undone by *Evil Company* !
 Shew me the *Company* and the *Man* I'll show,
 Is an *Old Proverb*, but 'tis always true ;
 Exactly therefore we shou'd weigh the *Man*,
 Before we make him our *Companion*,
 Lest like this STORK we fall into a *Snare*,
 And like *Her* too the *Common Danger* share.

F A B. LXXIV.

A Boy and False Alarms.

A Shepherd's BOY once had a Trick that he'd cry,
Here's a Wolf, Here's a Wolf, tho' no Wolf
 was nigh ;

And alarm'd the People so oft with such Cries,
 That when he spoke Truth they believ'd it all
Lyes,

So the Wolves at their Pleasure the Sheep did
 surprize.

The M O R A L.

*To know when Fooling's good or ill,
 Requires a more than common Skill :
 Still Business and Religion be
 Excepted from that Liberty.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Among a thousand Fools would be thought *Wits*,
 There's hardly one a *bant'ring Humour* hits :
 Their *Jests* like *Shots* ill aim'd at Random fly,
 And either sink too *low*, or mount too *high*.

Here

Here in th'Example of the BOY we see
How dang'rous FALSE ALARMS and Foolings be;

Some Men by car'ing on their *Jests* too far,
Shew more the *Fool* than the *Philosopher* :

'Tis not for ev'ry *senseless Oaf* to know
How far a *Jest* will bear, and when 'tis so,
And *Jests* ill-plac'd the greatest Mischiefs do.

}

F A B. LXXV.

An Eagle and a Daw.

AN EAGLE stooping at a *Lamb*,
Truss'd it, and off she flew :
A silly DAW who saw this done,
Would needs be trying too.

But as he strove to lug him up,
His *Claws* so shackl'd were,
That by the *Shepherd* he was caught
Before he could get clear.

130 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

He clipt his *Wings* and took him home
His *Boys* to play with all,
Who gaping on him, ask'd the *Man*
What *Bird* he did him call.

I call him, says the *Man*, a DAW,
Tho' he pretends to be
An EAGLE ; but a DAW he is,
If you will credit me.

The M O R A L.

*It argues Pride and Vanity
For Men to aim at Things too high ;
For Things too high when Men contend,
They're only laugh'd at in the End.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Of all the *Coxcombs* that *disgrace Mankind*,
Your high Pretenders still the worst we find :
Mere JACK-DAWS these ! who to ensure their
Fate,
The EAGLES in their *Flight* would *imitate*.

Now

Now who without *Contempt* can bear to see
Men guilty of this kind of *Vanity*,
But like the *Shepherd* must conclude in short,
Such silly *DAWS* are only fit for sport.

F A B. LXXVI.

A Dog in a Manger.

AN *envious* OLD CUR in a MANGER once
crept,
And the *Horses* from eating their *Provender* kept:
He could eat none himself, and to *starve* he had
rather,
Than *Another* from him any *Profit* should gather.

The M O R A L.

*Envy no other Pleasure knows,
But what's deriv'd from Others Woes:
An Envious Man won'd nothing eat,
Rather than Others shou'd have Meat.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

How many of these DOGS does ev'ry Age,
 Growling and snarling, bring upon the Stage :
 The *Goods* of *Others* such *Men* wretched make,
 Who *Mischief* only do for *Mischief's* Sake.
 If some *Men* had their *Will*, to please their *Spight*,
 They wou'd submit to a *perpetual Night* :
 Rather than have the *Sun* on *others* shine,
 To *Cold* and *Darkness* they'd themselves confine.
 They take *Delight* in others *Misery*,
 And, like the *Damn'd*, their own *Tormentors* be :
 The *State* should sink, and *Government* shou'd fall,
 Provided that the *Loss* was *General*.

F A B. LXXVII.

A Sheep and a Crow.

There was a CROW did *chatt'ring* keep
 Upon the Back of a poor SHEEP.
 Well *Sirrah*, says the SHEEP, I know
 This to a *Dog* you durst not do.
 Why, says the CROW, that I know too:

 }
 }
 I

I have consider'd very well,
 With who it is I have to deal.
 I can be *quiet* when I find
 Another that's to *fight* inclin'd ;
 As *troublesome* too I can be
 When I meet those will suffer me.

THE MORAL.

Drolls and Buffoons by Nature are
 Sawcy to those *their* Jests will bear ;
 But slavish on the other hand,
 To those *they* know can them withstand.

REFLECTION.

By this *well-meaning* Men may fully see,
 What is their *Lot* whilst in this *World* they be ;
 How they're expos'd to th' *Chatt'rings* and *Lampoons*
 Of sawcy *Drolls* and scandalous *Buffoons*.

F A B. LXXVIII.

A Camel Praying for Horns.

IT stuck very hard with the CAMEL that *He*
 So *naked, unarm'd, and defenceless* shou'd be:
 It touch'd him to th'quick that *Stags, Bulls and Bears*
 Should have HORN S, *Claws and Teeth*, and he
 only *Ears*;

On this, on his Knees, he to *Jupiter* went,
 And earnestly begg'd he some HORN S might be
 lent:

But *Jupiter* thought the *Request* was so dull,
 That he *issu'd* out *Orders* for *crapping* the *Fool*,
 That the Loss of his *Ears* might put him in mind,
 Not to hanker for HORN S he was never *design'd*.

F A B. LXXIX.

A Fox and a Hare to Jupiter.

TO JUPITER a FOX and HARE
 With a *Petition* once *repair*:

The

The FOX for the HARE's *Swiftness* fought,
 The HARE the FOX's *Gift of Thought*.
 Says JUPITER, since ev'ry *Creature*
 Has something that's its own by *Nature*,
 'Twould not with *Heavenly Justice* square
 That *One* should have *Another's* share.

F A B. LXXX.

A Peacock to Juno.

THE PEACOCK being JUNO's *Bird*,
 To sad *Complaints* does fall,
 'Cause to his *Plumes* not added was
 The *Voice* o'th' *Nightingal*.

On this she a *Petition* drew,
 And to the *Goddeſs* went ;
 Whose *Answer* was, You have your *Lot*,
 And ſo muſt be content.

The M O.

The MORAL of the Three Fables above.

Heaven's Bounties *ſo* divided are,
 That ev'ry Creature has its Share :
 He that doth Things 'gainſt Nature claim,
 Does Nature's wondrous Author blame.

REFLECTION.

The Gifts of Nature *ſo* divided are,
 That ev'ry Creature has its proper ſhare :
 Above the reſt the bounteous Hand of Heaven
 To Man, ungrateful Man ! enough has given ;
 And yet the fooliſh Animal will ſtill
 Be hunting Things, which gain'd wou'd do him ill.

To blame or mend the Works of Providence,
 Argues a Want of Modesty and Senſe :
 Our Stations in this World appointed be,
 And there's no alt'ring the Supreme Decree.

When Men Impossibilities purſue,
 Shews they're Ungrateful ; nay they're impious too.
 How many Kingdoms, Families and States,
 By theſe Extreameſ have juſtly met their Fates !

Like

Like these uneasy *Brutes* Men madly strive
For what is not in *Nature's* Pow'r to give.

F A B. LXXXI.

An Old *Weasel* and *Mice*.

A WEASEL that so Old was grown,
Her *Mousing* Trade was almost done,
Try'd what her *Wits* wou'd do,
And finding that *She* could not bear
To live much longer on the Square,
Did to a *Meal-Tub* go.

Hither the MICE will come to me,
Since I can't go to *Them*, says she,
And so they did at first:
At length a *Crafty* *Stager* got,
A perfect Knowledge of the *Plot*,
And put an End to'th' *Fest*.

The M O R A L.

Men should the Want of Force supply,
By Wisdom, Art, and Industry.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Knaves live on *Fools* as *Spiders* do on *Flies*,
And *Art* the Want of downright *Force* supplies,
But *Time* discovers all, and open lays
The *Double Dealer*, and the *Plot* betrays.

F A B. LXXXII.

An **Old Tree** Transplanted.

A *Farmer* had an **APPLE-TREE**
He valu'd very dear,
And of the *Fruit* t'his *Landlord* made
A *Present* ev'ry *Year*.

He lik'd the *Fruit* so very well,
Nothing would serve but *He*
To his own *Grounds* without Delay,
Would needs *Transplant* the **TREE**.

No sooner was the **TREE** remov'd,
But it began to *Wither* ;
And so there was an *End* at once
Of *Fruit* and **TREE** together.

The MO-

The M O R A L.

Nature *has* Rules and Seasons too,
 For doing all *she* has to do:
 Men shou'd be therefore very shy,
 On her Experiments to try.

R E F L E C T I O N.

In vain we strive to alter *Nature's Course*,
 By such Attempts Men only make Things worse.
 For all things proper Times and Seasons be,
 And there's no changing the *Supream Decree*,
 As in the Case of this Transplanted TREE.

F A B. LXXXIII.

A Fox and a Goat.

A FOX and a GOAT by *mutual Consent*,
 To drink at a Well together once went;
 When they'd both quenck'd their Thirst, the GOAT
 was in Pain,
 To find out a Way to get safe back again.

Says

140 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

Says *Reynard*, Ne'er trouble your Head, you shall see
We'll quickly get out, if you'll leave it to *Me*:
If you raise your self up on your hindermost *Feet*,
And stretch out your Head, to your *Horns* I can get,
And so can with Ease whip out of the *Well*,
And draw you up after. The GOAT quickly fell
To put himself into the *Posture* propos'd;
The FOX takes a *Skip*, and so out he goes,
And being got safe, fell to *Bantring* and *Feering*,
And the GOAT, in Return, falls a *Cursing* and
Swearing,
But the FOX made a *Jest* on't, and gave him
the *Hearing*.

The M O R A L.

Wise Men debate *Things Pro and Con*,
Before they Matters fix upon.
To Chance there's Nothing left shou'd be,
But where there is no Remedy.

R E F L E C T I O N.

'Tis an *Establisht Rule* with Men of Sense,
First to *weigh Things*, and then the *Consequence*:

For

For *Knaves* and *Sharps* so the *World* o'er-run,
That half *Mankind* thro' want of *Thought*'s undone.
With whom they *join*, or what they *undertake*,
Wise Men their first and chiefest *Business* make.

Now had the GOAT observ'd this useful Rule;
H'had ne'er been made a wilely FOX's Tool.

F A B. LXXXIV.

Cocks and a Partridge.

A Man bought a PARTRIDGE, Game-
COCKS us'd to breed,
And turn'd it i'th' Yard with his Poultry to feed.
The COCKS kept the Bird away from their Meat,
And as oft as they catch'd her, the PARTRIDGE
they Beat;
Which griev'd her the more, because that she
thought,
That her being a Stranger their Aversion had wrought:
But afterwards seeing these COCKS all engag'd,
And for each other's Murder how they furiously rag'd,
She

142 Sir Roger L'Estrange's

She thus *comforts* her self: I don't wonder says she,
That these hot-headed *Fools* were no kinder to me.

THE MORAL.

*Who can't among Themselves agree,
Still troublesome to Strangers be :
They fight and quarrel, and don't know
With whom, or why 'tis they do so.*

REFLECTION.

By this w're taught to shun the *Foolish Rake*,
That *fights* and *quarrels* but for *Fighting* sake.
What *Peace* can be expected among those,
That to *Themselves* and all *Mankind* are *Foes* ?
Like these *Game COCKS*, by *Instinct* 'tis they *fight*,
And like them too, know neither *Wrong* nor *Right*.

F A B. LXXXV.

A Bragging Traveller.

A Fellow that *Abroad* had been,
And had some *Foreign Countries* seen,
Would

Would still of his *Adventures* prate,
 And of Himself *strange Things* relate :
 Among the rest, at *Rhodes*, he said,
 That he so great a *Leap* had made,
 That *there* no *Person* cou'd come to't
 Within the Distance of *Six Foot* ;
 And this, says he, I'll make appear
 By sev'ral *Witnesses* were there.
 Says one o'th' *Company*, If 'tis so,
 As far as *Rhodes* what need we go ?
 Fancy this *Rhodes*, and *leap* again,
 And that will make it full as plain.

The M O R A L.

*Some Travellers a Priv'lege take
 To brag and lye for Lying sake ;
 But those that doubt the Truth, had better
 E'en pass't, than go to prove the Matter.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Of all the *Coxcombs* that the *World* infest,
 Your BRAGGING TRAVELLER's the greatest
 Jest :

Nature

Nature has writ a Fool upon his Tongue,
 And all that hear him prate their Reason wrong:
 Without regard to Judgment, Truth, or Sense,
 The Sot goes on with his Impertinence;
 Tho' after all his BRAGS he only gains
 To be despis'd and laugh'd at for his Pains.

F A B. LXXXVI.

An Impostor to the Oracle.

There was a certain Bant'ring Droll
 Would needs to Delphos go,
 To try if he could put a Trick
 Upon the God, or no.

He took a Sparrow in his Sleeve,
 And to Apollo said,
 I now have Something in my Hand,
 Is it Alive or Dead?

And

And if the ORACLE should say

'Twas dead, he'd shew't alive;

If living, he the Bird would kill,

For so he did contrive.

But He that saw the Fraud reply'd,

It shall be which you will,

Because I know 'tis in your Pow'r

The Bird to save or kill.

THE MORAL.

People that too presumptuous be,

Soon fall to Infidelity;

And so from Sin to Sin they go

Until at length they Atheists grow.

When Men want Rev'rence for Religion,

They quickly have it in Derision.

REFLECTION.

How mad's the impious Wretch, Omniscience doubts,

And to his God deceitful Questions puts!

Were I but sure 'twas so, then I'd believe,

And Heaven to please the Fool new Proofs must
give;

H

And

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And the whole *Scheme of Providence* must be
Unrowl'd to cure his *Infidelity*.

Great God of Truth! *All-knowing* and *All-wise*!
How long shall *Sinful Man* thy Pow'r despise,
And tempt thy *Justice* with such *Fooleries*?

F A B. LXXXVII.

A Woman and a Fat Hen.

A Good Wife had a HEN each Day
Did never miss an Egg to lay.

This foolish Woman had a Thought,
That by more Corn she might be brought
To lay two Eggs a day at least,
And so she put it to the Test.

But being o'er fed the HEN grew fat,
And quite left Laying after that.

The M O R A L.

He that has Much and won'd have More,
Till he has All will still be Poor:

But

But seeing that's impossible,
We should give o'er whilst we are well,
And not for more and more still crave,
Untill we forfeit all we have.

R E F L E C T I O N.

He that abounds in *Wealth* yet still is poor,
Wants more than he that begs from Door to Door:
Or who for getting More will hazard All,
Declares himself a *senceless Animal*.

F A B. LXXXVIII.

A Man Bit by a Dog.

ONE that was bitten by a DOG,
Advised was to try
Bread dipp'd i'th' Wound, and giv'n to th' Cur,
As the best Remedy.

Hold, says the Man, this will not do,
All DOGS will follow me,
When they, instead of Hanging him,
This Cur rewarded see.

The M O R A L.

Good Nature's a Misfortune, *when*
It happens to imprudent Men.

Christian Charity *says 'tis true,*
That we should Good for Evil do :
But yet where we should punish, don't
Oblige us a Reward to Grant.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Ill Natur'd Curs no Kindnesses can bind,
 They'll always keep the Malice of their Kind :
 To use 'em well does but encrease their Spight,
 And give 'em further Liberties to bite.

I own indeed that noble Maxim's true,
 'Tis gen'rous to forgive and Christian too;
 But to reward the Knave shou'd punish'd be,
 But tempts him on to greater Villany,
 As in a World of Instances we see.

F A B. LXXXIX.

A Hunted Beaver.

THE BEAVER's an *amphibious Creature*,
But for the most part lives i'th' *Water*.

His *Stones* in *Physick* being good,
He knows by *Men* he is pursu'd;
So *bites* them off when *He's* pinch'd hard,
Leaves them behind and so is spar'd.

The M O R A L.

When Life and all that's dear's at stake,
Wise Men a Composition make:
But then they still this Caution have,
They quit but Part the Whole to save.

R E F L E C T I O N.

When to be *Rich* and *Great* a *Crime* 'tis found,
Men to be safe will any *Ways* compound:
This is a *Doctrine* that holds always good,
As well in *Courts* of *Princes*, as the *Wood*.

F A B. XC.

A Thunny and a Dolphin.

A DOLPHIN gave a THUNNY Chace,
And was to seize him near,
But chanc'd to strike unluckily
Before he was aware.

The DOLPHIN being close pursu'd,
To run a-ground was forc'd,
And with him bore the THUNNY too,
[And there they both were lost.

The THUNNY on the DOLPHIN cast
To the last Gasp his Eye,
I die with Pleasure now, says he,
Since I've your Company.

F A B.

F A B. XCI.

Two Enemies at Sea.

TWO ENEMIES once were together at SEA;
At the *Helm* sat the One, at the *Stern* t'Other
lay.

When it blew such a *Storm* 'twas expected each
Wave

Wou'd the *Vessel* o'erturn and be ev'ry Man's *Grave*;
The *Man* at the *Stern* would needs ask the *Master*,
Which *End* of the *Ship* wou'd first come to *Disaster*:
He told him the *Helm*; then, says he, I shall see
Yonder *Fellow* sink first, and that *comforts* me.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

'Tis but a wretched Pleasure sure
Which spiteful Men themselves procure;
And yet some so revengeful be,
That to destroy an Enemy
They'd freely die for Company:

R E F L E C T I O N.

Envy, the worst and ugliest Fiend of Hell,
In noble Hearts is never known to dwell:

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The baneful Haggard none but Villains knows,
Who to themselves and all the World are Foes.

F A B. XCH.

A Fortune-Teller.

AN impudent Fellow that pretended, forsooth,
That he could TELL FORTUNES, at
a Market held forth:

But whilst he was prating what Things he could do,
News was brought he was Robb'd; and to know
if 'twere true,

Home he runs in all Haste, but was met by the Way
By a Dröll of the Town, who did thus to him say;
Pray tell me, my Friend, by what Art 'tis you come
To tell Others Fortunes, and know not your own.

F A B. XCIII.

A Cunning Woman.

THere was of old a certain Damsel
OF CUNNING WOMAN got the Name,
Strange

Strange Things, she said, she could foresee,
And e'en avert *Divine Decree*.
So long she play'd a *Witch's Part*,
Until, in spite of all her *Art*,
At length she's *taken up* and *try'd*,
Condemn'd, and for her *Witchcraft* dy'd.
As she to *Execution* went,
Says one to her in *Merriment*,
Good Woman, what the *Gods*, I find,
Were than the *Judges* far more kind;
Since you with them so much have done,
Could not the *Bench* prevail upon.

F A B. XCV.

An *Astrologer* and a *Traveller*.

A *Man* a *Gazing* at the *Stars*,
Had once the sad *Mishap*,
Just in the *Depth* of all his *Thoughts*,
Into a *Ditch* to drop.

A *sober Fellow* passing by,
Gave him this *good Advice*;

Went

H s

Let

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Let this Misfortune, *Friend*, says he,

Make you hereafter wise.

Pray, for the future let the Stars

Their *Course* in quiet run,

And do you take more Care henceforth

That you the *Disches* shun.

The MORAL of the Three Fables above.

There needs no more to furnish out

A FORTUNE-TELLER for the Rout,

But his own Impudence, and Fools

Believe the Babling Rascal's Rules.

R E F L E C T I O N.

These Fables point at Quacks and Empiricks,
With God, *Themselves*, and with the *World* play Tricks.

Reproves their Ignorance, pretend to pry
Into the Secrets of *Futurity*;

And brag they can the *Fate* of *Kingdoms* show,
When of their own *Concerns* they nothing know.

Vilest of *Rascals* these! and yet we see
There's some so fond of *Curiosity*,

They'll

They'll credit all that these *Impostors* say,
Believe their *Whimsies*, and their *Schemes* obey.
How many may we find of those mad *Fools*,
That are to *Juggling Quacks* and *Gypsies*, *Tools*?
Deluded Wretches, fatally misled
To follow *Knaves* by *Lying* get their Bread?

And there are *Quacks* too both in *Church* and *State*,
That din our *Ears*, and cheat us with their *Prate*:
That mighty *Knowledge* boast, and deep *Foresight*,
And brag that none but *They* can set us right.
But these in *Fact* are only *Empiricks*,
Rew their *Designs*, and *green* their *Politicks*:
They differ from the other but in *Name*,
For *Quacks* of all *Professions* are the same.

F A B. XCV.

A Doctor and a Patient.

SAYS a DOCTOR this PATIENT, *How d'ye*
find you to day?

Says the PATIENT, I've sweat over much, as
they say.

That's

That's the best Sign I th' World; says the DOCTOR;
and then,

A little while after he'd be at it again,
Pray how is your Body? Says t'other, I find
My self full of Horror, and to Trembling inclin'd.
Then 'tis as it shou'd be, says the PHYSIC'AN;
It shews Strength of Nature, and a good Disposition.
Then again he comes o'er him with the same
Question.

Why, I'm swell'd, says the Man, and have no Di-
gestion.

Best of all, quoth the DOCTOR, and so goes away.
But a Friend of the Sick that came the same Day,
Asking how he did now, he made this Reply,
With good Signs and Tokens I'm ready to die.

THE MORAL.

Nothing more Treach'rous can be,
Than on the Death-bed Flattery.

REFLECTION.

This shews the Practice of the World to be,
But one continu'd Scene of Flattery;
Of which no greater Instance can be thought,
Than in this vile PHYSIC'AN here is brought.

To flatter Men when they are like to die,
And basely tell 'em there's no *Danger* nigh,
Is just the same to tell the *Wretch* that lies,
Drowned in *Lust* and in *Debaucheries*,
That he's a *Virtuous Man*, and does no *Ill*,
And that with *Safety* he may be so still.
Such fatal *Modes* and *Complements* as these,
Only a while the *sickly PATIENT* please,
And at the last but heighten the *Disease*.

The Church and State too their *Distempers* have,
And both in *Danger* from the *Flatt'ring Knave*.
Statesmen and *Priests* when *ignorant* and *base*,
Come up exactly to this *DOCTOR's Case*:
Tis very well, That's best of all, they cry,
Till both are lost, and the poor *Patients die*.

F A B. XCVI.

A Fowler and a Blackbird.

AS A FOWLER to bending his Net was a going,
A BLACKBIRD at distance ask'd what he
was doing.

Says

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*Says the Man, I am laying the Walls of a Town,
So drew out of fight and in private sat down.*

The BLACKBIRD not thinking any Snare had
been set,

Flew direct to the *Bait* and was caught in the *Net* :
When the Man came to seize her, says the Bird,
well my *Friend*,

If you *build* at this *Rate* you'll soon make an *End*.

The M O R A L.

There's hardly any Sham so gross,

But on a Blockhead it will pass ;

Especially on One we call

Inquis'tive and Pragmatical.

R E F L E C T I O N.

All goes to Wreck when Rulers in Disguise

With Cruelty their Power exercise.

All Frauds with false Pretences gilded are,

And Men like Birds are drawn into the Snare :

Religion and the Publick Good's the Bait,

Whilst all the Outcry's nothing but Deceit.

How dear is Native Liberty, says one

Who to his Country plots Destruction ?

Another

Another cries, he'll save the *Church* and *Crown*,
And yet hath *secres Views* to pull both down.

But not to stretch the *Metaphor* too high,
At gilded Baits Men like this BLACKBIRD fly,
Till into th' Net they're fatally decoy'd,
And by the BIRD-MEN, like her too, destroy'd.

F A B. XCVII.

Mercury and a Traveller.

ONE that was going a *long Way*,
A *Fancy* had to try,
If at his Parting he could put
A *Trick* on MERCURY.

For a *Bon Voyage* having pray'd,
Then to the God, says he,
If I find any thing *Abroad*
You shall go *Half* with me.

A *Bag* of *Almonds* that was lost
Chanc'd in his Hands to fall:
To work he goes immediately,
And quickly eats 'em all.

When

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When he had done, the *Skins* and *Shells*
 He on an *Altar* laid;
 And then bid MERCURY observe,
 That he his *Vow* had pay'd.

THE MORAL.

*Some Men pretend a God to own,
 Yet live as if they thought there's none ;
 Their very Pray'rs are Mockeries,
 Their Oaths are Shams, their Vows are Lies.
 And thus God's Sacred Name's abus'd,
 And only for Convenience us'd.*

REFLECTION.

How *impious*, and how *daring* is the *Foot*
 That turns *Religion* into *Ridicule* !
 And what a vile, audacious *Wretch* is *He*,
 That makes his *God* only his *Property* !
 Or, what's the same, treats him with *Mockery* :
 Who can suppose that they a *God* believe,
 Disown him thus in his *Prerogative* ?
 And like the *TRAVELLER* in the *Emblem* here,
 Presume to *trick* the *God* he should *revere* ?

F A B. XCVIII.

A Boy and his Mother.

A SCHOOL-BOY brought home to his MOTHER a *Book*,

Which from one of his *Fellows* h' had *Theevishly* took.

The *Woman* instead of *Chastizing* her *Son*,

Did rather encourage the *BOY* to go on ;

And so he proceeds without *Grace* or *Shame*,

Until in the End to the *Gallows* he came.

His *MOTHER* went with him till he came to the *Tree*,

Where he begg'd that in private he with her might be,

And pretending some *Secret* put his Mouth to her Ear,

And instead of a *Whisper*, he *bit* it off clear.

This *unnatural Fact* the *People* condemn,

Till the *BOY* thus excus'd himself from the *Shame* :

This *MOTHER*, says he, is the *principal Cause*
I am come to this *Shame* for the *Breach* of the *Laws* :
If she'd *whipt* me when first to *thieve* I began,
I had left off the *Trade* e'er I grew to a *Man*.

The *M.O.*

The M O R A L.

*We are either Made or else Undone,
As we have Education :
And this of mighty Moment is,
As well to States as Families.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*A vicious Habit must be check'd betimes ;
To foster it, is adding Crimes to Crimes.
The MOTHER winking at her Son's Offence,
The BOY grows harden'd in his Impudence ;
From little Thefts to greater he goes on,
Until at last he's utterly undone.*

*Now what is this but Parents to advise,
Their Children to instruct and to chastise ?
To nip 'em in the Bud, and let 'em see
A good Example in the Family ?*

F A B. XCIX.

A Shepherd turn'd Merchant.

A Countryman feeding his Flock by the Sea,
It happen'd to be such a delicate Day,
That by th'*Smoothness* o' th' Water so tempted was he,
That nothing would serve but a MERCHANT
he'd be.

His Stock is all sold, and without more to do,
With a Ship freight with Figs to Sea he will go.
In the Voyage they met such a Storm, they were glad
To throw over Board all the Cargo they had;
Upon which our New MERCHANT his Adven-
tures forsook,

And himself to his former *Employment* betook:
And as he was tending his Sheep on the Coast,
Seeing just such a Sea that betray'd him at first,
Yes, yes, says the Man, when the Devil is blind;
You'd have some more Figs, with a Vengeance, I find

The M O R A L.

A SHEPHERD's Cot's more free from Care,
Than Courts of Kings and Princes are.

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If Mind and Circumstance agree,
There's no Man but may happy be:
But if they will such Things begin,
They have no Understanding in,
In the Pursuit if they're undone,
They must allow the Fault's their own.

REFLECTION

THE SHEPHERD's Case extends to all Mankind,
Whom restless still in ev'ry State we find.
Down from the Monarch to the lab'ring Swain,
In their respective Stations all complain,
And all to mend their Stations are in Pain;
Tho' in the End there's nothing to be got,
But that which fell to this vain SHEPHERD's Lot.
Nothing but Disappointments, Loss, and Care,
Pursue the Fools attempt beyond their Sphere.

F A B, and C.

An Old Man and a Lyon.

A Person dream'd one Night, he saw
A LYON kill his Son,

Who was, it seems, a Generous Youth,

And Hunting doated on.

This

This *Fancy* sway'd the *Father* so,
He built his *Son* a *Seat*,
That there he out of *Danger's Way*
With *Pleasure* might *retreat*.

No *Cost* was spar'd to make the *Place*
Exceeding neat and fine;
And there together with his *Son*,
To live he did *Design*.

There was a world of *Pictures* there,
A *LYON's* with the rest;
What ! says the *Young Man*, must I be
A *Slave* for such a *Beast*?

But see by *Ways* to us unknown
How *Chance* brings *Things* about:
He struck the *Picture* with his *Fist*,
Where a *Nail's Point* stood out.

All *Means* were us'd to cure the *Wound*,
But still in vain they try'd;
It gangreen'd; so as *Fate* decreed
He by a *LYON* dy'd.

THE MO-

The MORAL.

*Some Dreams are Monitory ; some
 Are only from Complexion :
 On them we therefore sometimes may
 Too little or too much Strefs lay.
 The less our foolish Dreams we heed,
 The better often we succeed ;
 Because where e'er this Fancy rules,
 It turns the Persons to stark Fools.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*That superstitious Fool depends on Dreams,
 Is always anxious, always in Extrems.
 And yet Experience shews us ev'ry day
 A world of Ideots who have Whims that way.*

F A B. CI.

A Fox that lost his Tail.

A FOX that once happen'd in a Trap to be
 caught,
 Compounds with his TAIL for the saving his
 Threat :

But

But it griev'd him to th' Heart, the Sight's so uncouth

That he must appear when his TAIL was cut off.

However, thinks he, 'tis a Folly to fret;

I'll e'en go and try if a Court I can get;

Which was readily granted, and the FOXES all met.

The Court being sat, he learnedly shews

That a TAIL to a FOX was of small or no Use.

But no sooner had done but up stood a Shaver,

And desir'd that Member wou'd do 'em the Favour

To explain, whether he his Motion intended

For the Good of those FOXES with TAILS were

befriended;

Or whether twa'nt rather to hide the Disgrace

Of those that had ne'er a TAIL to their Arse.

The M O R A L.

'Tis Politick for Men to try

To hide a great Deformity;

And still more Politick if they can

Make their Defects the Fashion.

R E F L E C T I O N.

In all the Counsels crafty FOXES give,
 Some private *Views* and secret *Ends* they have :
 This is the FOX's *Cafe* before us here ;
 He left his TAIL, and then would make 't appear }
 That TAILS in gen'ral were but useless Ware. }

'Twas boldly mov'd, but where there's *Loss* and
Pain to know what *ILL* is bred
 'Tis very hard the *Multitude* to gain ;
 And yet we've found it by *Experience* true,
 It has been done, and done by FOXES too.
 'Tis true, there's few Men live without some
Faults, and such as rather to be hid
 That they'd be willing on the *Stage* were brought ;
 But then there is a mighty *diff'rence* lies
 'Twixt private *Faults* and open *Villanies*.
 The *Wretch* that's lost to *Virtue*, *Grace* and *Sense*,
 Quickly grows harden'd in his *Impudence* :
 He'll have no *God*, no *Conscience*, nor no *King*,
 And all he values must have no such *Thing* :
 And thus the FOX, when his own TAIL is gone,
 Exclaims at TAILS, and FOXES must have none.

F A B. CII.

A Fox and a Bramble.

A FOX in *leaping* of a *Hedge*,
To break the Fall thought meet
To catch a BRAMBLE in his way,
Which sorely prick'd his *Feet*.

On this he laid him down, and fell
To licking of his *Toes*,
And bitter *Exclamations*
Against the BRAMBLE throws.

Why, says the BRAMBLE, who'd have thought
But you had better *Sense*,
Than to have sought *Relief* from *One*
Gives ev'ry thing *Offence*.

The M O R A L.

Some nat'rally so Vicious be,
That they delight in Villany;
And that poor Man must be hard laid,
That's forc'd to fly to such for Aid.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Madmen and Fools to those for *Succour* fly,
Whom *Nature* has ordain'd an *Enemy* :
Without *Regard* to any thing they do,
Only from *Instinct* *Mischief* they pursue.

To Curse the *BRAMBLE Reynard* was to
blame,
And does himself both *Fool* and *Knave* proclaim.

F A B. CIII.

A Fox and a Crocodile.

I N point of *Birth* a *Quarrel* fell,
Betwixt a *FOX* and *CROCODILE*.
The *CROCODILE* was very high
Upon his *Antient Family*;
To which the *FOX* with *Scorn* reply'd,
This need not be so amplify'd,
Since on your *Skin* such *Marks* you bear,
Will shew whose *Progeny* you are.

The MORAL,

To brag and lye the Men that love,
Do frequently themselves disprove.

REFLECTION.

Some Lies so bold and so notorious are,
No Shew of Reason or of Truth they'll bear,
But in themselves flat Contradictions are.

}

F A B. CIV.

A Fox and Huntsmen.

A FOX that was run
Till his Strength was quite done,
To a Man that was Working repair'd :
Oh! tell me, says he,
Where I may safe be ;
So he bid him go Home to his Yard.

He hardly was got
Safe into the Cos,
But the Dogs and the HUNTSMEN came on ;
Pray Neighbour, say they,
Did the FOX come this Way ?
No truly, quoth he, I saw none.

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But at the same time,
He thought it no *Crime*,
With his Finger to point to the *Place* ;
And the FOX through a Hole
Observing the whole,
Most terribly frightened he was.

But not thinking the *Hint*
Had had any thing in't,
'The HUNTERS in Haste went away ;
And finding all safe,
The FOX marches off,
But the *Devil* a Word did he say.

How now ! says the Man
What will you be gone,
And not take leave e'er you go ?
Had your *Finger* and *Tongue*
Went together along,
Says the FOX, we would not part so.

The M O R A L.

By Signs as well as Words Men may
Tell Lies, and oft'ner do betray.
The Guilt's the same, which does the Wrong,
Either the Finger or the Tongue.

R E F L E C T I O N.

There is no *trusting* him will one *Thing* say;
And then will *act* the clean contrary way.
And he's a *Villain* that *betrays* the Man,
That he has promis'd his *Protection*.

I grant that *Reynard* was a *Common* *Foe*,
And ought at first to have been treated so ;
But when the Man his *Word of Honour* gave,
Then to betray him, argues him a *Knave* :
Truth speaks Men Virtuous, Virtue makes 'em Brave. }

F A B. CV.

A *Man* and a *Wooden* *God*.

A MAN an IMAGE had, which he
Did very much *adore* ;
And yet the oft'ner that he *pray'd*,
He still went back the more.

This put him into such a *Rage*,
That he in vain should call,
That up he took the *Head* o'th' *GOD*,
And *dash'd* against the *Wall*.

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Out flies a *Quantity* of *Gold*.

Why this it is, says he,
To serve a GOD that must be *beat*,
A stubborn *Deity*!

The M O R A L.

Most Men both Laity and Priest,
Make their Religion Interest,
And reckon that Church best, in which
That they the soonest can get rich.

R E F L E C T I O N.

This *Fable* points at all false *Worship* first;
Then shews that *Zealots* in *wrong Ways* are worst;
Next blames the Man that may be *bought* and *sold*,
And basely serves his *God* and *King* for *Gold*:
It likewise *checks* that *impious Libertine*,
That mocks his *God*, and *jests* with *Things Divine*,
Those that serve God as some for Money do,
By the same Rule will serve the Devil too.

F A B. CVI.

A **Dog** invited to Supper.

WHen a Man to a *Supper* invited a *Friend*,
The **DOG** of the House for his **DOG**
wou'd needs send :

Who came at the Hour, and to see what good *Cbear*,
Did according to *Custom* to the *Kitchen* repair ;
Where whilst he stood pleas'd with the Thoughts
of his *Feast*,

The *Cook* came behind him and quite spoil'd the
Fest :

He took him by th' *Tail*, and after h' had *swung him*,
Without any Questions out o'th' *Window* he *flung him*.
No sooner, poor Devil, h' had recover'd the Fall,
But he scampers away, and did hideously bawl,
Whilst close at his Heels with Curs he's beset,
Who follow'd to know what Welcome he met :
Why, says he, they have been with their Drink so
o'er kind,

That I out of the House the right Way cou'd not
find.

THE MORAL.

Love me, love my Dog, *they say;*
 In Days of Yore *that was the Way;*
And 'tis a Way does sometimes shew
 Good Nature and good Manners too.
 The Servant for his Master's Sake,
 Should always of the Feast partake.

REFLECTION.

'Tis a sure Sign of Hospitality,
 When Masters to the Servants friendly be;
 It bears the face of a sincere Respect,
 And bids the Master welcome in Effect.

F A B. CVII.

An Eagle and a Dan.

A MAN did once an EAGLE take,
 And plum'd her very close,
 And then among his Flock of Hens
 He turn'd his Captive loose.

Another

Another came and bought the *Bird*,
And feather'd her again,
She made a Flight and *trusi'd* a *Hare*,
And brought it to the *Man*.

A *Fox* who saw how Matters went,
This honest *Counsel* gave,
You ought not too much *Confidence*
In this *fierce Bird* to have ;

For who can tell but she at you
May make her second Flight.
The *MAN* thought *Reynard's* good Advice,
And so new plum'd her quite.

THE MORAL.

Humours and Shapes may alter'd be,
But Nature still the same we see.

REFLECTION.

There is no trusting to a *Bird* of *Prey*,
Do what we can yet *Nature* they'll obey :
For want of *Power* their *Mischief* they disguise,
But in their *Will* it still in secret lies.

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And yet with *Creatures* the most *wild* and *rude*,
We sometimes see a *World* of *Gratitude*.
Nothing's so *Brutal* as *ungrateful Man*,
Whom no *Degrees* of *Friendship* work upon.

F A B. CVIII.

A Father and his Sons.

A *Countryman* who by his *Labour* and *Care*,
Liv'd well on his own and had something
to spare,
And being desirous that his SONS shou'd go on,
And live in *Repute* as their FATHER had done ;
When he came to his *Death-bed* he call'd 'em all
nigh,
Dear Children, says he, before I can *die*,
I have something to tell you, and the *Matter* is this,
That hid in my *Vin'yard* a *Treasure* now is ;
When I am *Departed*, I conjure you take *Care*,
To *dig* and to *search* till you find it out there :
So he *dies*, and the SONS to the *Vin'yard* repair. }
They turn'd it and turn'd it, not a *Penny* they found,
But the *Profit* next *Vintage* did the *Riddle* expound.

The M O.

The M O R A L.

*Who to their Sons good Counsel give,
No better Legacy can leave;
And that Advice they'll best pursue,
Which Inclination leads them to.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

No *Wealth's* so good, nor will so long remain,
As that which Men by honest *Labour* gain.
This the good FATHER when he came to die,
Left to his SONS as the best Legacy;
Go dig my *Vin'yard*, SONS, and you shall find
A Treasure hid proportion'd to your Mind:
Make haste, Dear Children, do as I advise,
In the Discov'ry Health and Profit lies.

F A B. CIX.

A Fisherman and his Pipe.

A FISHERMAN that understood
His PIPE beyond his Net,
Sate *whistling* by a *River* side,
In hopes the *Fish* to get.

He

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He *Pip'd*, but not a *Fish* came near ;

At length his *Net* he threw,

And, what he little did expect,

A mighty *Draught* he drew.

The *Fish* no sooner landed were,

But they to *Frisking* fall :

Sots ! when you'd *Musick*, says the Man,

You wou'd not *dance* at all.

THE MORAL.

For doing all Things there's a Rule,

And Men that break it play the Fool.

REFLECTION.

Nothing so much declares Men *giddy Fools*,

As doing *Things* without regard to *Rules* :

When out of Season Men *Things want or wish*,

'Tis like this Coxcomb's piping to the *Fish*.

F A B. CX.

A Fisherman's Good Luck.

A MAN who *Fishing* long had been,
 And not one single *Fish* had seen,
 Resolves to go away:
 But just as he was in that Thought,
 A swinging *Fish* leaps in his Boat,
 And so made good the Day.

The M O R A L.

*The honest Men that persevere,
 In a good Cause, need never fear:
 Sooner or later they will see
 A Blessing on their Constancy.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Faith, Hope, and Virtue, nothing can withstand;
 And Providence has still an open Hand:
 Nevertheless we should industrious be,
 And leave the rest to the Divine Decree;*

With

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With *Patience* to the *End* should *persevere*,
Our *Duty* do in our *respective Sphere*,
And then there's no *Foundation* for *Despair*.

Success does always wait on *Virtuous Deeds* ;
Tho' oft a late, a *sure Reward* succeeds.

F A B. CXI.

Large Promises.

A Very sick Man expecting to die,
To the Gods for Relief himself did apply,
And vow'd that a *Thousand Oxen* he'd give,
Provided this once they'd permit him to live.
Says his *Wife*, my dear Husband, have a care what
you say ;
For, shou'd you be sav'd, where's the *Oxen* to pay ?
Sweet Heart, says the Man, you talk like an *Ass* ;
If I am but sav'd, let what will come to pass.
Besides, what a Fool you are to believe
That the Gods for such *Trifles* any *Trouble* will give.
However, this *Bout* by the Gods he's restor'd,
To try if he'd keep his *Faith* and his *Word*.

He

He no sooner was well, but he makes in all
Haste,

Instead of *live Oxen*, a Thousand in *Paste*,
And those in due Form on an *Altar* he plac'd.
But *Veng'ance* for this pursu'd the vile *Wretch*,
Insomuch that one Night in a *Dream* h'had a Fetch,
That he should forthwith repair to the *Coast*,
And there should find *Treasure* that long had been
lost.

The Notion prevail'd, so he goes to the *Ground*,
But instead of the *Treasure*, some *Pirates* he found.

He *begg'd* and he *vow'd*, and for *Liberty cry'd*,
And offer'd a Thousand Talents beside ;
But they wou'd not *trust*, so they bore off the *Knave*,
And sold him for so many *Groats* for a *Slave*.

THE MORAL.

The Dev'l was sick, the Dev'l a Monk would be ;
The Dev'l was well, the Dev'l a Monk was he.

REFLECTION.

Seeming *Devotion* does but guile the *Knave*,
That's neither *Pious*, *Faithful*, *Just*, or *Brave* :

But

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But where *Religion* does with *Virtue* join,
It makes the Man bright as an *Angel* shine.

Men in Distress will promise, *swear*, and *lie*,
And vow such *Things* with which they can't comply;
And thus God's mock'd: But what's the *Consequence*,
But a just *Veng'ance* for the dire *Offence*.

F A B. CXII.

Fishermen Disappointed.

SOME FISHERMEN who with their Net
Had *dabbling* been all day i'th' *Wet*,
And after all had nothing *caught*,
T'wards Night had *Prospects* of a *Draught*:
The Net so heavily came Home,
They durst have sworn a *Sturgeon*.
But when they'd lug'd it to the *Shore*,
There's a huge Stone and nothing more.
At this again they're down i'th' Mouth,
Till one among 'em thus *beld forth*:
We should consider, *Sirs*, says he,
That *Joy* and *Sorrow Sisters* be,
And take their *Turns*, as now we see.

The MO-

The M O R A L.

*Whilst we continue here below,
By turns we Joy and Sorrow know :
The only Comfort that we have,
We shall rest quiet in the Grave.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Case of these poor FISHERMEN we find,
Is in Effect the Case of all Mankind.
This Moment w'are at Ease, the next in Pain,
Anon we Fear, and then we Hope again.
This 'gainst all Human Ill's the best Defence,
To do our Duty, and wait Providence.

F A B. CXIII.

Death and an Old Man.

AN OLD MAN by his Burden press'd,
Was forc'd to throw it down to rest,
And often did most sadly call
For DEATH, to ease him of his Thrall.

DEATH

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DEATH came the *Moment*, and says he,
What is it you would have with me?
Nothing at all, says the OLD MAN,
But t' have my *Burden* up again.

The M O R A L.

*Men call on DEATH as on the Devil,
But when he comes they fear the Evil.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

When Men in *Pain* and *wrack'd* in *Torture* lie,
Nothing will serve them then but they must *die*;
But when D E A T H comes, how soon they
change the *Cry*!

Like this *Old wornout Wretch*, the *Burden* then
Must by all means be lifted up again.

F A B. CXIV.

A Doctor and Patient with
Sore Eyes.

A DOCTOR undertook to *save*
A Woman's Eyes were sore;
And he no Money was to have
Unless he did the Cure.

He plaster'd them with Ointment so
She could not thro' it look;
And ev'ry *Visit* that he made,
He something from her took.

At length her Eyes so mended were,
That she could see about;
And then she found her choicest Goods
Were from her House gone out.

Soon after this the DOCTOR came,
I've made the *Cure*, says he,
And do expect, without delay,
My *Pay* accordingly.

Alas!

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Alas! says she, I am much worse
Than when you first begun ;
For then I saw my *Plate* and *Goods*,
But now I can see none.

The M O R A L.

*In most good Offices Men do,
Still their own Int'rest is in view.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

This World affords ten thousand *Instances*,
In which the *Cure* is worse than the *Disease*:
Men for a *Trifle* spend their whole *Estate*,
And never *think* before it is too late.

No *Cure* no *Money's* but a common *Bait*,
Us'd by most *Knaves* to cover their *Deceit*.

F A B. CXV.

A Cat and Mice.

A Great Drove of MICE that a House much
infested,

By a vigilant CAT were daily molested:
She pick'd up so many that at last they agree
Not to live on the Floor, but i'th' Ceiling to be:
This spoil'd Puss's Sport, unless she could find
A Way to decoy 'em to alter their Mind;
So she leaps to a Pin and to it she clung,
And like a dead Pole-Cat in a Warren she hung.
The MICE saw her hang; but then looking about,
One more wise than the rest the Matter finds out.
Says she, you may hang like a CAT as you are,
But the Devil a MOUSE of us will come near.

The M O R A L.

There's none but Fools Themselves expose
To those they know to be their Foes:
For tho' by Chance they 'scape the Ill,
They forfeit their Discretion still.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Where Force won't do *Invention* shou'd be try'd,
 And want of Pow'r by *Industry* supply'd:
 Instinct in *Brutes* a World of *Things* can show
 That very near to *Human Reason* go,
 As in the *present Case* this CAT's *Design*
 Shews deep Fore-thought, the MICE to *undermine*.

F A B. CXVI.

An Ape and a Fox.

ON the *Lyon's* Decease the *Beasts* with *Intention*
 To chuse a *new King*, met all in *Convention*:
 There were sev'ral put up, but *one's Make* was not
 fit,

Another wants *Strength*; others *Humour* and *Wit*.
 In Conclusion the APE, that *Buffoon* of a *Beast*,
 By his *Tricks* and his *Gamboles* got the Day from
 the rest.

The FOX, who was *one* that had put in his *Claim*,
 Being damnably *stomach'd* he had miss'd of his
Aim;

He presently *whispers* in the *Ear* of the *Bleſs'd*,
 That he cou'd for him a great *Service* effect.
 May it please you, says he, *bid* *Treasure* I've found,
 And 'tis yours, Sir, by *Right*, for 'tis in your *Ground*.
 So he carries the *APE* to go seize on it strait,
 And what shou'd it be, in the *Ditch*, but a *Bait* :
 The *APE* lays his *Hand* on't, and the *Spring*
 gave a *Snap*,
 And so all his *Fingers* were catch'd in a *Trap*.
Base Wretch ! says the *Fool* ; *Simple Prince* ! says the
Knave,
 You're fit to *rule Others* your own *Fingers* can't
 save.

THE MORAL.

The *Men* of *Bus'ness*, *Sense* and *Wit*,
 For *Government* are only fit ;
 And those that other *Rulers* chuse,
 Authority it self abuse.

REFLECTION.

'Tis an ill Sign of *Peoples Politicks*,
 When they chuse *Rulers* for their *Antick Tricks*.
 A *Ruler* should be *wise*, *sedate* and *just*,
 Or he's unfit to execute the *Trust*.

The

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The APE succeeds the Lyon as a *King*,
Which does *Contempt* upon the *Office* bring ;
And yet when *Vermis* both *elect* and *rule*,
An APE's the fittest *Creature* for their *Tool*.

But then observe the *fatal Consequence* ;
Some crafty FOX watches the *new made Prince* ;
Draws him into a *Trap*, and when he's there,
Reviles, buffoons, and scorns him in the *Snare*.

F A B. CXVII.

A *Smith* and his *Dog*.

A SMITH took notice of his CUR,
That whilst he *work'd* he would not stir,
But sleeping by him be ;
Yet still when he to *Dinner* come,
The DOG would constantly make One
On which, Sir DOG, says he,

Be pleas'd this *Secret* to *disgorge*,
Whilst I am *working* at my *Forge*,
Why 'tis you *napping* lie ;

But

But then as soon as I come in,
And that my *Chops* to walk begin,
Yours go for Company.

To which the DOG made this Reply,
Master, you better know than I,
For all things there's a *Season* ;
A *Time* to *sleep*, a *Time* to *wake*,
A *Time* for all we undertake:
And that, Sir, is my *Reason*.

The M O R A L.

*All Creatures through the whole Creation
Seek Food, and Rest, and Propagation.*

R E F L E C T I O N,

As Men by *Reason*, *Beasts* by *Instinct* do,
At proper Seasons *Food* and *Rest* pursue ;
Only the *Beasts* the *Men* do oft exceed
In Nature's *Rules*, and *Kindness* to their *Breed*;

K

F A B.

F A B. CXVIII.

A Boasting Mule.

THere was a *Fav'rite* MULE that wou'd
 Be always *Bragging* of his *Blood* :
 I was, says he, a *Courser's Son*,
 That many *topping Match* has won,
 And, tho' I say't, my self *inherit*
 Most of my *Father's Speed* and *Spirit*.
 The *Words* had hardly past his *Mouth*,
 But he is put upon the *Proof*,
 And did not only shew *himself*
 A *Fade*, but more to shame the *Elf*,
 His *Father* did to *Braying* fall,
 To tell him his *Original* :
 Then the whole *Field* to shout begun,
 To find he was an *Ass's Son*.

The M O R A L.

The base-born Fool *that's* mounted *high*,
 And then *sets up* for *Quality*,
 Above all things *that can be nam'd*,
 Of his own *Father's* most *asham'd*.

R E F L E C T I O N.

A world of *Upstarts* like this MULE there be,
When they grow Great forget their *Family*;
Without confid'ring *Fate* again may frown,
And, where it took them up, may set 'em down.

Amongst this *Herd* of *Brutes* we always find,
Some that will still be *bragging* of their *Kind*,
Altho' they know that from *Original*,
Their *Sires* or *Grandfires* were but *Asses* all;
Unless some *Stallions* or some *Pimps* of *State*,
Whose *Lust* or *Villany* has made 'em *Great*.

Now what can be more senseless to *Reveal*,
The only thing such *Scoundrels* should *conceal*,
As many do who *impudently lie*,
And *boast* of long *Descent* and *Progeny*?
Such *Fops* at length but like this bragging MULE,
Expose themselves to *Scorn* and *Ridicule*.

F A B. CXIX.

A Dog and a Wolf.

A WOLF a DOG a napping took,
Before his *Master's* Door,
And as he went to worry him,
The DOG did him *implore*.

You see, says he, I'm *Carriion* now,
But if you'll *Patience* have,
We shortly have a *Wedding Feast*
Will make me *plump* and *brave*.

When I'm in better *Case*, I will
My self before you throw.
Which so prevail'd upon the WOLF,
That she e'en let him go.

But coming by the *House* again,
And seeing of the CUR,
I hope, says he, you don't forget
What 'twas you *promis'd*, Sir.

Friend,

Friend, says the DOG, if e're again
 You chance to come this Way;
 If I'm asleep without the Door, -
 Don't for a *Wedding* stay.

The M O R A L.

*Experience upon Brutes prevails,
 When often upon Men it fails.
 Some Brutes there are too Politick,
 To be Gull'd twice by the same Trick.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Sleeping and Waking wise Men keep a Guard,
 And are for ev'ry Accident prepar'd:
 One Danger makes 'em of the next beware.
 They never twice are catch'd in the same Snare.*

F A B. CXX.

A **L**yon and a **B**ull.

I N that Age of the World when Bulls fed on
Mutton,

end, A LYON a BULL intended to *glut* on;

K 3

And

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And to cover the *Matter*, and *Decorum* to keep,
 He invites him to *Supper* one Night on a *Sheep*.
 The BULL came in *Form*, but whilst he was there,
 Observing what vast *Preparations* there were,
 He quickly scour'd off. The LYON calls after,
 Why whither so fast? Why, my *Friend*, what's the
Matter?

Says the BULL, 'Tis high time for me to change
Station,

When I see that you're making such large Prepa-
 ration ;

From whence it appears to me, my *good Friend*,
 That a BULL, not a *Sheep*, you to *Sup* on intend.

The M O R A L.

'Tis ill depending on the *Man*,
 Betrays from Inclination.

R E F L E C T I O N.

He that will trust a *bloody-minded Man*,
 Runs a sure *Risque* to be at length undone:
 His *finest Words* are *Snares* and *Complement*,
 And never us'd but with some black *Intent*.

F A B. CXXI.

A *Lyon* in *Love*.

A LYON in LOVE with a *Country Lass*, went
 To try by all Means for her *Father's Consent*,
 Whose *Answer* was this: I will never agree,
 Any *Beast* to my *Daughter* a *Husband* shall be:
 But the *Brute* look'd so fierce and stern on the *Matter*,
 That the *Bumkin* was fore'd to compound with his
Daughter :

But first 'twas concluded his *Nails* should be par'd,
 And his *Teeth* should be drawn, and not one of 'em
 spar'd ;

For your *Teeth* and your *Nails* are the *Things*, says
 the *Churl*,

Which so terribly fright and dishearten the *Girl*.
 The LYON got ev'ry thing done they propose,
 And then for his *Promise* to the *Father* he goes.

When the *Countryman* saw that the *Beast* was un-
 arm'd,

And there was no *Danger* that he should be harm'd,
 He took a good *Cudgel*, and so manag'd the *Lover*,
 That from that very time the *Match* was quite over.

The M O R A L.

*Extravagant and senceless Love,
Life, Fame, nor Fortune cannot move ;
And all Things else which wise Men prize,
Are made this Passion's Sacrifice.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Fond Love does Human Policy despise,
And laughs at all the Counsels of the Wise :
'Tis like Ambition 'twill admit no Bounds,
But Right with Wrong, and all things else confounds:
It breaks thro' Laws for Civil Rights are plac'd,
Throws down the Fences, and lays all Things waste.*

*To feed their Passion and to gain their Cause, }
Men like this Brute will part with Teeth and Claws, }
Tho' very oft they're cudgell'd as he was.*

F A B. CXXII.

A **Lyones**s and a **For**.

A *Numerous Issue* in the *World*
Does for a Blessing pass;
On which Consideration,
A FOX so sawcy was

To tax a LYONESS that she
Only one *Whelp* brought forth.
That's right, says t'other, but that one
A Creature is of *Worth*.

The M O R A L.

Some value Things, without all Sense,
For Number *more than* Excellence.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Things should be measur'd by their *real Worth*,
and not by *Numbers*, as 'tis here set forth :

K 5

The

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The *Knaves* and *Fools* the greatest *Number* are
But that don't sure their *Excellence* declare ;
There's fifty such to one *Philosopher*.
I grant for *Order's* sake the *Major Voice*
Carries the *Question*, and confirms the *Choice*:
Yet that but only makes the *Proverb* good,
Wise Men *propose*, but 'tis the *Fools* conclude.

F A B. CXXIII.

Two Cocks Fighting.

TWO COCKS a bloody *Battle* fought,
Which shou'd a *Dungbil* rule :
He that was worsted hung his Head,
And sneak'd off like a *Fool*.

T'other flew to th' *Ridge* o'th' *Barn*,
And there insulting lay,
Until an *Eagle* made a *Stoop*
And bore him quite away.

The M O R A L.

A gen'rous *Foe* will modest be,
And wisely use his *Victory*.

REFLECTION.

This *Fable* shews the various *Chance* of *War*;
To day we're *Victors*, the next *Captives* are;
How calmly then shou'd Men their Conquest
bear?

Fate *changes Sides* by turns, *delights in Strife*,
And makes a perfect *Lottery* of *Life*.
How foolish is it then to *vaunt* and *boast*
Of that which may so easily be lost:
In such a Case 'tis better humble be,
And *praise* the Hand that gave the *Victory*.

F A B. CXXIV.

A *Fawn* and a *Stag*.

A FAWN with a STAG was *reas'ning* the
Case,

Why he of the *Dogs* so fearful still was?

You're far better *arm'd*, and you're *stronger* than
they,

And if you would stand might keep them at *Bay*,

And yet from the *Curs* you run frighted away:

Says

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Says the STAG, All you say I own to be true,
And have often my self the same *Sentiments* too:
But whatever's the Matter, let me *think* what I *please*,
When I once hear the *Hounds* I can ne'er be at ease.

The M O R A L.

'Tis one thing for a Man to know
What Things are fit for him to do,
And quite another thing to try
To practice his Philosophy.
Nothing can change a Coward's Nature;
Good Counsel's lost on such a Creature.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Here, in the Emblem of the STAG, we find
The Nat'ral *Frailties* of all Human Kind.
The Men that Cowards by Complexion be,
Are rarely cur'd of that *Infirmity*:
They may *resolve*, but when the *Danger's* near,
That *Resolution* soon gives way to Fear.

F A B. CXXV.

Jupiter and a Bee.

A BEE to JUPITER one time
A Pot of Honey sent ;
 Which little *Present* gave the God
 So very great *Content*;

He bid *Her* ask what e'er she wou'd,
 And he would grant the thing :
 And she desir'd it *Death* shou'd be
 Where e'er she set her *Sting*:

But JOVE unwilling was *Mankind*
 Should at her *Mercy* lie ;
 So told her if she left her *Sting*,
 She for the *Fact* should *die*.

The M O R A L.

*All spiteful Prayers but Curses are,
 And injure the Petitioner.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

How many Men like this *malicious* BEE,
 Pray for a Pow'r to act their Cruelty?
 And like this BEE too, if the Pow'r they had,
 Would *sting* the *World* till they had made it mad.
 There are a sort of *Insects* that delight
 In nothing but to gratify their *Spite*,
 And use their *Stings* whether 'tis *wrong* or *right*.

F A B. CXXVI.

Wasps in a Honey-Pot.

A Swarm of WASPS one time were got
 Together in a HONEY-POT;
 Where *cramming*, they so long remain,
 That they could not get out again;
 And so they quickly came to know,
 For their *sweet Meat* their *Lives* must go.

The MO.

The MORAL.

*Pleasures when they're habitual grown,
Can't afterwards be let alone,
Untill by them we are undone.*

}

REFLECTION.

Our chiefest *Pleasures* but a while are lent,
And great's the *Int'rest* of a short *Content* :
What's worst of all, when they habitual grow,
They never end but in our *Overthrow*.

Plung'd in his *Lust* the *sens'ual Mortal* lies,
And wallows on until, like *Æsop's Flyes*,
He's *clam'd* so fast he can't get out, *so dies*.

}

F A B. CXXVII.

A Young Man and a Swallow.

A Foolish YOUNG FELLOW
Upon sight of a SWALLOW

That came too soon in the *Year*,

With:

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Without more *delay*
All his *Clothes* made away,
Presuming that *Summer* was near.

After this came a *Frost*,
Which starv'd him almost ;
Upon which to himself, says the *Oaf*,
Would this ignorant *Sot*
Have staid till 'twas hot,
She'd hinder'd the *Ruin* of *both*.

The M O R A L.

Uncommon Causes *should not be*
Made Rules in our Oeconomy ;
Nor an irreg'lar Accident
Be drawn into a Precedent.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Reason in ev'ry *Circumstance* prevails;
Examples oft, but *Reason* never fails.
Who from *Particulars* draws a gen'ral *Rule*;
Runs the same *Risque* with this young giddy *Fool*.

F A B.

F A B. CXXVIII.

Mercury and a Carpenter.

A CARPENTER dropping his *Ax* in a *River*,
He to MERCURY pray'd that his *Tool* he'd
deliver.

The *God* was so kind he div'd instantly down,
And a *Golden one* brought and gave to the *Clown*.
Why this, says the *Fellow*, is none of my own. }
So he went down again and a *Silver one* got:
And this, says he, neither don't fall to my *Lot*.
But trying again his *Luck* was so good,
That he brought up an *Ax* with a *Handle* of *Wood*.
Says the CARPENTER, this is the *Tool* that I lost.
Well, says MERCURY to him, since thou art
so just

I'll give thee all three. This *Story* soon spread,
Till a *Rascal* at last had got it in's *Head*,
That he would again the *Experiment* make;
And so in all haste He repairs to a *Lake*;
Where sniv'ling he fate, and to cover the *Matter*,
Pretended h'had dropp'd his *Ax* in the *Water*.

When

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When MERCURY heard him, who it seems was
just by,

The *good-natur'd God* for his Ax went to try ;
And up in an instant he brought one of *Gold*,
Which the *Rascally Fellow* to own was so bold.
Vile Wretch! says the *God*, dost thou think to *trick*
me,

Who view all thou dost, and clear thro' thy Heart
see.

The M O R A L.

He that's the Searcher of all Hearts
Cannot be trick'd by any Arts ;
'And will not fail to take his time
To punish or reward a Crime.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Heaven loves the honest Man, but hates the
Knave,
And most of all the base dissembling *Slave*.
Hypocrisy's a Vice of that Degree,
'Tis of all other the Epitome.
Treason and Murder, Sacrilege and Pride,
Are all to th' Fiend Hypocrisy ally'd.

This

This *Fable* represents the *diff'rent Fate*
Of those that *worship* God thro' *Love* or *Hate*:
The one his *Truth* and *Probity* retains,
And meets *Rewards* and *Blessings* for his Pains;
The other's *Tricks* the *angry* God *disdains*.

F A B. CXXIX.

A Fox and Grapes.

IT happen'd in that very *Age*,
When FOXES would as far *engage*
To get a *Bunch* of GRAPES, as now
They'll for a Joynt of Mutton do.
One of those FOXES chanc'd to see
A tempting *Cluster* on a *Tree*,
And many a Leap he fetch'd: At last,
Finding that all his Hopes were past,
Hang 'em, says he, they're soure at best;
So makes his *Disappointment*, Jest.

F A B. CXXX.

A **W**olf and a **L**yon.

A LYON and a WOLF one Day
 Together went to hunt for Prey :
 Hark! says the WOLF, I *Bleatings* hear,
 I'll pawn my Life some *Sheep* are near ;
 And, with your Leave, I'll go and try
 To make some *Purchase* instantly.
 Away he goes, follows his *Ear*,
 Till to a *Sheepfold* he came near ;
 But found it so well-fortify'd,
 The *Dogs* asleep so near beside,
 That back he to the LYON flew,
 And told him there were *Sheep*, 'tis true ;
 But then, says he, so *lean* they are,
 They're neither worth our *Pains* or *Care*.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

'Tis Matter both of Skill and Sense,
 To shew a wise Indifference,
 When we can't fairly compass that
 Which w^e are endeavouring to be at.

REFLECTION.

By *Disappointments* we may *Gainers* be,
In making *Virtue* of *Necessity*.

No Man's unhappy, if he keep but clear
Of those two *dang'rous Passions*, *Hope* and *Fear*:
These *flatter*, or *alarm* and 'tice us on,
Until by *One* or *Both* we are undone.

The *FOX* and *WOLF* two great *Examples* shew;
What we should under *Disappointments* do.
The *Sheep* were *Carriou*, and the *Grapes* were *Soure*:
And what's the *Cause*? They'd neither in their *Pow'r*.

And now would Men but like these *Brutes* be *wise*,
And *Disappointments* with a *Jest* disguise,
'T would help to stop the Mouth of *Common Fame*,
And much divert the *Scandal* and the *Blame*.

F A B. CXXXI.

A Boy and a Snake.

AS a BOY was a *graping* for *Eels* in a *Lake*,
 He happen'd to lay his Hand on a SNAKE,
 Who finding the thing was done by *Mistake*,

Says she to the *Lad*, Be *admonish'd* by *Me*,
 As you're well at present, so from Danger keep free,
 As you will not be long if meddling you'll be.

The M O R A L.

'Tis the Intention and the Will
 Makes all our *Actions* good or ill.
 E'en Brutes themselves a *Diff'rence* make;
 'Twixt Harms o'th' Will and of Mistake.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Wisdom and *Justice* both distinguish still,
 'Twixt accidental *Faults* and *Faults o'th' Will*.
 All the whole World is subject to *Mistake*,
 The Good for *Bad*, the *Bad* for Good we take;

The

The only *Diff'rence* in the *Emblem* lies,
There are some SNAKES will *bite* us by Surprise.

F A B. CXXXII.

A Fowler and a Partridge.

A PARTRIDGE taken in a *Net*,
Did to the FOWLER say,
Provided he would spare her *Life*,
Her *Fellows* she'd betray.

No, says the Man, you surely die
For being such a *Knave*,
To offer to *betray* your *Friends*,
That you your self may save.

The M O R A L

*Of all the lewdest Offices,
That of a Traitor basest is:
'Tis hateful to the last Degree,
And ruins all Society.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Treachery's a Vice beyond the common Size,
 All Honour, Truth and Justice it defies:
 And tho' perhaps it sometimes useful be,
 Yet those it serves abhor the Villany.
 Both God and Man all Treach'rous Villains shun,
 And those that use 'em often, are undone.*

*All Traitors are but mercenary Knaves,
 And he betrays himself such Rascals saves :
 And this the FOWLER knew. Vile Wretch, says he,
 Thou dy'st the rather for thy Perfidy :
 I will not such a faithless Vermin trust,
 That to his Fellow-Creatures proves unjust.*

*Now what can we to those base Villains say,
 That eat the Bread of him they wou'd Betray.
 That dip their Fingers in their Master's Dish,
 And the same Moment his Destruction wish.*

F A B. CXXXIII.

A Hare and a Tortoise.

SAYS a HARE to a TORTOISE, how heavy
you be!

And yet, says the TORTOISE, I dare run with
Thee.

'Tis done, says the HARE; and so by Consent
The Fox was made Judge, and to Starting they
went.

The TORTOISE to th' end of the Course kept his
Pace,

But the HARE took a Nap in the midst of the Race:
For, says he, I can fetch him again when I please.

But it seems he so long lay napping at ease,
That the TORTOISE was got so near to the
Post,

That before he could reach him the Wager was
lost.

The M O R A L.

Up and be going is the Rule
That's taught in every wise Man's School.

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*He that will end his Journey soon,
Must never go to sleep at Noon.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

By this we see the *Danger of Delay* :
'Tis *Perseverance* only wins the Day.
The wisest Men the present Time prefer,
There's no To *Morrows* in their *Kalendar* :
Still like the TORTOISE they keep plodding on,
And never stop before the *Wager's* won.

F A B. CXXXIV.

Apples and Horse-Turds.

A *Dungbill* and an APPLE-HEAP
Upon a *Current* lay ;
At length a sudden fall of *Rain*
Carry'd them Both away.

They danc'd together down the *Stream*,
As if they'd *Brethren* been ;
And all along the HORSE-TURDS cry'd,
Oh ! how we APPLES swim.

F A B. CXXXV.

A Peach, an Apple and a Black-
berry.

A PEACH and an APPLE had once a *Dispute*,
Which of *Them* was the best and fairest of
Fruit:

In the heat of *Discourse* they their *Voices* so rear'd,
That from the next *Hedge* a BLACKBERRY
heard.

Come come, says the BERRY, for Shame let's
agree,

Since we are all *Friends* no *Jangling* should be,

The MÖRAL of the two Fables above.

All Things would greater seem to be,

Than they are in Reality;

And whence does this vain Humour grow,

But first from thinking they are so.

L E

R E

R E F L E C T I O N.

There runs through all the *World* this *Vanity*.
 All Men wou'd better than their *Equals* be,
 And ev'ry useles Coxcomb still cries [WE.]
 [We] cries the *Fellow* carries *Guts* to th' *Bears* ;
 [We] says the *Catchpole*, the *King's Officers* :
 [We] cries the *Scum* o'th' *Nation* at the *Bar* :
 In ev'ry *Cause* your [Weing] *Scoundrels* are.
 WE sav'd our *Country*, says the *Treach'rous Knaves* ;
 WE, says the *Asbeist*, did *Religion* save,
 And WE the *Church*, says the *Apostate Slave*.
 Now what does all this [WEING] signify,
 But just the *HORSE-TURDS* to the *APPLES* Cry?

F A B. CXXXVI.

A Mole and her Dani.

SAYS a MOLE to her *Mother*, by the *Smell* that
 is here,
 I know that some *Mulberry-Tree* must be near ;
 And again, what a clatt'ring of *Hammers* I hear !

Says the Mother, why Daughter how foolish you be!
Instead of *one Sense* I find you want *three*;
You can *smell* and *bear* nothing no more than you
see.

The M O R A L.

*We very oft those Faults reveal
That w're too careful to conceal.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Such Persons Stories always worst are join'd,
Who most to Lies and Boastings are inclin'd:
Nor would their Frailties half so publick be,
Unless proclaim'd by their own Vanity.

F A B. CXXXVII.

**Wasps, Partridges and a
Husbandman.**

SOME WASPS and PARTRIDGES wanting
Water, and Lib *for the* *the* *the*
Went to a Farmer on the Matter,

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And *begg'd* a *Scop* ; then offer'd too
 What in Return for him they'd do.
 One wou'd his *House* from *Thievs* secure ;
 Th' other his *Vineyard* wou'd manure.
 Pray, says the *Good Man*, hold your *Hand*,
 I have no need on *Terms* to stand ;
 I've *Dogs* and *Oxen* of my own,
 By whom these *Offices* are done ;
 And therefore it becomes me first
 To my own *Servants* to be just.

The M O R A L, &c.

That Charity begins at home, is true ;
But yet the Vertue's universal too.

F A B. CXXXVIII.

Jupiter and a Serpent.

ALL *Creatures* on his *Wedding-Day*,
 To **JUPITER** did *Presents* pay ;
A SERPENT, with the rest, did bring
 A *Refe* to him for *Offerings* :

He

He lik'd the *Thing* ; But yet, says he,
No SERPENT's *Presents*'s fit for me.

The M O R A L.

*He that from ill Men Presents takes,
A sort of Friendship with them makes;
And therefore wise Men won't receive
Presents that vicious Persons give.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Presents are often but a gilded Bait,
Imploy'd by *Knaves* to cover some *Deceit* ;
On which account a wise Man will not take
The *Gifts* that *Lewd* or *Artful Persons* make.
He knows such *Presents* but himself expose,
Therefore as JOVE refus'd the SERPENT's *Rosé*,
He'll take no Gift from Men of evil *Fame*,
And so avoids the *Scandal* and the *Blame*.

F A B. CXXXIX.

Flea and a Man.

A *Fellow* finding something prick,
 Did on a FLEA his Finger stick.
 Sure, says the MAN, you're very rude,
 To suck from me your *Livelihood*.
 Why, says the FLEA, I only do't,
 As I'm by *Nature* prompted to't ;
 Besides, if you'd take things together,
 My *Stinging* is not *Mortal* neither.
 But, says the MAN, 'tis *Troublesome*,
 Which I'll prevent for time to come.

The M O R A L.

*Things that are troublesome, altho'
 No mighty Mischief they can do,
 They're hateful and a Nuisance too.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

The *World* affords a thousand *Instances*,
 Of *Persons* like this *Fellow* bit by FLEAS.

All our *Distraction, Jealousie, and Fear,*
In most *Respects* but like *Flea-Bittings* are,
And, like them too, admit no other *Cure,*
Than what the *Fellow* made this FLEA endure.

F A B. CXL.

A Flea and Hercules.

A Fellow being bit by a FLEA, the *dull Whelp,*
On HERCULES call'd to lend him his Help.
The FLEA hops away, and the *ignorant Elf*
The *Matter expostulates* thus with himself:
Well, HERCULES, you that refuse to assist me,
When only a pitiful FLEA does resist me;
When I am *attack'd* by a *Thing* of more Force,
I expect that you'll then desert me in *Course*.

The M O R A L.

Men call on God for Trifles, and, what's worse,
If they han't what they ask, they'll Swear and Curse.

R E F L E C T I O N

There's nothing in a *Christian* can be worse,
 Than when he makes his *Prayers* Words of *Course*,
 Or, what's as bad, puts up a needless *Pray'r*,
 (For that's below *Omnipotence* to hear)
 And like this *Fool* takes *Pet*, if *HERCULES*
 Won't come and help him to *destroy* the *FLEAS*.

F A B. CXLI.

A Man and Two Wives.

A *Middle ag'd* MAN, half *Grey*, half *Brown*,
 A Fancy in his Noddle come,
 He'd have a Brace of *WIVES*.
 The *Women* understood their *Trade*,
 And so to please their *Husband*, made
 The *Bus'ness* of their *Lives*.

The chief *Concern* of all's his *Hair*,
 Which that it might alike appear,

They still kept picking on:
 The *Elder* pluck'd the *Brown* away,
 The *Younger* she pluck'd out the *Grey*,
 Until they left him none.

The M O.

The M O R A L.

*That Man's a Fool, indeed, that strives
At once to please a Brace of Wives.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*A disproportion'd Marriage is a Cure
That none but Fools will venture to endure.
Minds are so hardly match'd, that e'en the first,
Tho' Pair'd by Heav'n, in Paradise were Curs'd:
Then who can pity this old Fellow's Case,
That in his Dotage needs wou'd have a Brace?*

F A B. CXLII.

Two Frogs that wanted Water.

TWO FROGS when the *Lake* and the
Ponds were grown dry,
Were forc'd to march off for some *Water* to try,
And whilst they were *searching*, a deep *Well* they
spy.

Without

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Without looking further, *says One*, Let's go down :
Says the Other more gravely, Why that may be done ;
But then, if the *Water* shou'd fail in the *Well*,
Then how to get out again, pray can you tell ?

THE MORAL.

This for a Maxim we should keep,
Always to look before we leap.

REFLECTION.

Wise Men the *Consequence* of *Things* debate,
For *swift Resolves* are seldom fortunate.
Above the rest we shou'd with *Caution* view,
What's fit for us, and what's unfit to do.
'The *Die* once cast, 'tis after that too late,
To change the *Chance* that is decreed by *Fate*.

Tho' press'd by *Wants*, yet still we shou'd *Reflect*,
How best we may those *pressing Wants* correct ;
And if we find the *Terms* exceed the *Cure*,
With *Patience* then those *pressing Wants* endure.

F A B. CXLIII.

A **Dog** and a **Cock** upon a Journey.

A DOG and a COCK
 A Journey once took,
 And jogging along till 'twas late,
 The DOG with a Tree
 That was hollow made free,
 And the COCK on the *Boughs* of it fate.

The COCK nothing knowing,
 At his Hour fell a Crowing,
 Upon which comes a *Fox* to the Tree.
 Says the *Vermin*, By *Fear*,
 Your Voice is above
 All the *Creatures* I ever yet see.

Oh! would you come down,
 I this *Favour* might own.
 Says the COCK, There's a *Porter* below,
 If he'll open the Door,
 I'll come down t'ye, be sure:
 So he went, and was worry'd for't too.

The MO-

THE MORAL.

*The Business of the World is but main;
Is only Trick for Trick again.*

REFLECTION.

Who can forbear a little *Ridicula*,
To see a *Knave* outwitted by a *Fool*?
This was the *Fox's* Case; *Fine Words*, thinks he,
Will fetch this *Bawling Coxcomb* from the Tree:
To hear you *sing*, says he, how I *rejoice*!
Come down, that I may hug you for your *Voice*.

The *COCK* by *Insinuation* took the Matter quick,
And so defeats him by a *Common Trick*,
And thus *Experience* often makes *Fools* wise,
Whilst crafty *Knaves* are taken by *Surprise*.

When Men too far upon their *Tricks* depend,
They very oft in their *Destruction* end.

F. A. B.

F A B. CXLIV.

A Bat, Bramble, & a Cormorant.

A BAT, a BRAMBLE, and a CORMORANT
agree,
That they would *join Stocks*, and in *Partnership* be;
The BAT's *Part* in *Money* h'had *borrow'd*, all was;
The BRAMBLE's was *Cloaths*, and the CORMO-
RANT's *Brass*;
And so to the *Sea* they set out all together,
Where the *Vessel* and *Cargoe* was lost in bad *Weather*;
But the *Partners* all three got safe to the *Shore*,
And from that *Day* to this ne'er *Merchandiz'd* more.
The BAT's of his *Creditors* so very shy,
That only i'th' *Night* he ventures to fly;
The BRAMBLE all *Cloaths* that near to him come,
Lays hold on, in hopes to light on his own;
And the CORMORANT saunters along the *Sea-side*,
To watch if his *Brass* be thrown up by the *Tide*.

The MORAL.

Nothing can some Misfortunes cure,
But still the Marks of them endure.

REFLECTION.

The Things at first on which Men fix the Mind,
 To them for Life are more or less *Inclin'd*.
 An *Evil Habit* can't be *cur'd* with *Ease*,
 But still hangs on us like a flow *Disease*,
 Thus these *Advent'ers*, when the *Stock* was lost,
 The Thoughts of that was always uppermost.

Upon the whole the Doctrine's only *shew*,
 We should not fix upon *Uncertainties*,
 But with *Indifference* bear *Contingencies*.

F A B. CXLV.

A Lark taken in a Net.

A LARK once taken in a Net,
 And very near her Fate,
 Most sadly with the Bird-Catcher
 Did thus *expostulate*.

Alas!

Alas! says she, I am no Thief,
I've stole none of your Gold;
And must I die because I have
With one poor Corn made bold?

THE MORAL.

*When th' Adversary's Judge and Party,
Reas'nings are vain tho' ne'er so hearty.*

REFLECTION.

'Tis a strange Hazard that some People run
In search of Trifles, till they're quite undone;
And yet methinks that's but a lame Pretence
For Men in Pow'r to injure Innocence:
But so 'tis thro' the World in general,
Int'rest, Design and Party govern all.

F A B. CXLVI.

A Miser burying his Gold.

A Certain rich Churl sold all his Estate;
And the Money he got for't converted to Plate;
Which

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Which he carefully *hid* under Ground in a *Hole*,
And with it he *bury'd* his *Heart* and his *Soul*.
But as ev'ry *Morning* a *visit* he made it,
At length one *discover'd* the Place where he laid it,
And came in the Night and took it away :
Upon which when the *Wretch* came there the next
Day,

There's nothing his Anger and Grief cou'd assuage.
Says a Neighbour, Why, Friend, what means all
this Rage?

Why you had no Money, and so you lost none :
The Money to you was no more than a Stone ;
For since when you had it you to spend it refuse,
You cannot want that which you never would use.

The M O R A L.

Wealth's but a Burden and a Snare
To those that never use it dare.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Content's the chiefest *Treasure* of the *Mind*,
And happy *Those* so sure a *Blessing* find :

'Tis that gives real *Worth* to all we have :
Without Content *Mankind's* a *gen'ral Slave*.

How

How wretched is the MISER 'midst his *Stare*,
 Broods o'er his *Gold* and hourly pines for more!
Wrack'd with his *Cares* and *tortur'd* with *Desire*,
 That still, like *Flames*, by feeding them, mount
 high'r.

His *Gains* augment his *unextinguish'd Thirst*;
 With *Plenty* poor, and with *Abundance* curst.

Such *Wretches* never think what they *possess*
 Takes its *true Value* from its *Usefulness*:
 They ne'er reflect the *Heavens* their *Infence* flow,
 Without a stop on all the *World* below.

Now from this great *Example* we may see
 At once the *Sin* and *Curse* of *Penury*:
 And so conclude he breaks a *Sacred Trust*
 That hides his *Treasure* in a *Hole* to rust.

F A B.

F A B. CXLVII.

A Stag with one Eye.

A *One-ey'd* STAG of *Huntsmen* much in dread,
Still t'wards the *Land* wou'd keep a watch-
ful Eye;

And near the *Sea* would always chuse to feed,
Because from thence he thought no *Danger* nigh.

But comes a *mortal Arrow* from a *Boat*
And struck him to the Heart. Alas! says he,
Here I'm *destroy'd* where safe my self I thought,
And safe where most I fear'd *Security*.

The M O R A L.

Men subject are to Accident,
No Care or Foresight can prevent:
However we should do our best,
And leave to Providence the rest.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Whate'er we *Mortals* hope, or fear, or love,
Depends entirely on the *Pow'rs* above:

They

They move our *Appetites* to Good or Ill,
And by Foresight necessitate the *Will*.

Mankind, like this poor STAG, has a *blind Side*,
Ambition, Av'rice, Lust, Revenge or Pride ;
And tho' secure in ev'ry other *Part*,
Strike him in one of these you reach his Heart :
Besides he open lies to *Accidents*
No *Human Wisdom*, no *Foresight* prevents.
This STAG did all he cou'd in *Prudence* do,
And yet we see the *Fate* that must ensue.
And thus *Heaven* guides the *World* by *Ways* un-
known,
And will allow no *Methods* but its own.

F A B. CXLVIII.

A Stag and a Lyon.

A STAG by *Huntsmen* close pursu'd,
Runs to a LYON's Den,
And when his *Death* approaching view'd,
Reflects, but not till then.

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Oh *wretched Creature* that I am,
Says he, from *Men* to fly
Into the *Clutches* of a *Beast*
Of far more *Cruelty*!

The M O R A L.

E'en in our Ruine oft we see
A diff'rence in the Misery,
And Men condemn'd will strive to gain
A Death that's least expos'd to Pain.

R E F L E C T I O N.

What happen'd to this STAG, we often see
Exemplify'd by Men in Misery:
To shun Oppression they for Refuge fly,
But where they hop'd Protection, there they die.

F A B. CXLIX.

A Goat and a Vine.

A GOAT that by *Huntsmen* was very har-
press'd,
Got under a VINE and lay close down to Rest;

But as soon as the *Danger* was over, he thought,
Falls to browse on the *Leaves* his *Security* wrought :
This, it seems, made a Noise ; so the *Huntsmen*
repair

Again to the *Vineyard*, and search with more Care ;
Upon which he was found, and shot for his Pains :
He dy'd, and expiring thus sadly complains ;
This *Death*, I must own, is no more than my *Due* ;
Since to my *Protector* I've been so untrue.

The M O R A L.

Religion and Society
Perverted by th' Ungrateful be,
Because in such a Case there lie
Dangers, e'en in Humanity.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Were all our *Crimes* amass'd into one *Ball*,
Ingratitude would comprehend them all ;
And yet look thro' the *World* and you shall view
Millions this *base*, this *horrid Vice* pursue.

Nothing's more common than to see those *Knaves*
Their *injur'd Prince* for one *Rebellion* save,

Start

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Start up *another*; and if *that* won't do,
They'll start *another*, and another too.
But so it always was, and so will be,
Till *Human Nature's* from *Corruption* free.

F A B. CL.

An **Ass**, a **Lyon**, and a **Cock**.

WHilst once, like *Friends*, an ASS and
COCK

Together *feeding* were,
Up comes a LYON open mouth'd ;
The COCK *screams* out, *Beware*.

With *Horror struck* the LYON flies,
And after him the ASS ;
Who had the *Vanity* to think
By him so scar'd he was.

But he no sooner from the COCK
Was out of *Hearing* gone,
But he in Pieces tore the *Fool*,
With this *Reflection*.

Let never *Creature* after this,
 Provoke a LYON dare,
 Who neither *Wit* or *Prudence* has,
 Nor *Courage* of a *Hare*.

THE MORAL.

No Pow'r *Aversion* can withstand;
 Its *Force* admits of no *Command*.
 Fools that are valiant in *Conceit*,
 Run forward without *Fear* or *Wit*.

REFLECTION.

Reason is lost when she pretends to try,
 To find the *Cause* of fix'd *Antipathy*.
Aversion knows no *Rules*, yields to no *Force*,
 But, like the *Laws* of *Nature*, keeps its *Course*.

This for the LYON is a good *Excuse*;
 But what can this *rask senceless* ASS produce?
 His violent *Transport* is his only *Plea*,
 And that's but what our *Modern* ASSES say,
 When they are ruin'd in this ASS's *Way*.

}

F A B. CLI.

A Gardener and his Dog.

A GARD'NER's DOG upon a time,
A Well by chance drop'd in,
 And down his Master went himself
 To help him up again.

He reach'd his Hand to lift him out,
 The Cur his *Fingers bit*,
 Because he thought that he design'd
 To duck him deeper yet:

On which his *Master* left him there.
 I'm rightly serv'd, says he,
 To take such *Pains* to *save* a Cur
 Will not *preserved* be.

The M O R A L.

All Obligations, Pains and Cost,
 Are on two sorts of People lost;
 Those *their* true Value do not know,
 And those Insensible when so.

REFLECTION.

No *Benefits* those *Snappish Curs* can bind,
 Who to good *Faith* and *Gratitude* are blind:
 And in *Effect* the *Base* are much the same,
 When *Men* well us'd, their *Benefactors* blame,
 Or like this *Cur* don't look from whence it came. }

Upon the whole this *Emblem* lets us see,
 That *Knaves* and *Fools* are but bad *Company*.

F A B. CLII.

A SOW and a DOG.

TWIXT a SOW and a DOG a Quarrel ensu'd,
 And the SOW swore by *Venus*, if he was
 so *Rude*,

She'd tear out his *Guts*. *Ay, Ay*, says the *Cur*,

You do very well to call upon *Her*,

Who *abominates Swines Flesh*, and will not permit

Any Creature about her that eats the least *Bit*.

That's her *Love*, says the SOW; but no more
 shall be said,

DOGS *Flesh* is not good either *Living* or *Dead*.

THE MORAL.

*Where Arguments admit no Proof,
A Turn of Art must bring things off.*

REFLECTION.

*Where Arguments and Force of Reason fail,
Presence of Mind and Turns of Art avail:
In such a Case it gains a Man Reputation,
If he but only traverse the Dispute.*

F A B. CLIII.

A SOW and a Bitch.

A SOW and BITCH had a Dispute,
Which of them was the fruitfullst Brute;
The SOW submits, but bid her mind,
That all her Puppies were born Blind.

THE MORAL.

*It is not who does most, but best,
Carries the Quest'on from the rest.*

REFLECTION.

*Fools, Men and Things for Numbers most prefer,
But Wise Men prize 'em for their Character.*

F A B. CLIV.

A Snake and a Crab.

A SNAKE and a CRAB a Friendship contracted;

The CRAB was downright in all he transacted,
And advis'd his Companion his Tricks to give o'er,
And to practice Good Faith, and to shuffle no more:
But the SNAKE still kept on; so the CRAB on a
Night,

In his Sleep set upon him, and strangl'd him quite;
As he lay stretch'd at length, says he, Without doubt,
Had you liv'd as you dy'd, this had never fell out.

The M O R A L.

*The Frank and Well bred Gen'rous Man,
Is still the best Companion.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Ill-natur'd *Brutes* no *Counsel* can reclaim;
 The *Cause* is fix'd, and they'll be still the same:
 In spite of all the *Cautions* we can take,
 They'll always keep the *Temper* of the SNAKE.

F A B. CLV.

A Shepherd and a Wolf's Whelp.

A SHEPHERD that a WOLF's WHELP
 seiz'd,

Among his *Dogs* he let him go:
 The *Brute* grew on, and seem'd well pleas'd,
 ' With them to *Hunt* the *Wolf* went too.

But when the *Wolf* made his *Escape*,
 And all the *Dogs* went weary home,
 This *Vermin* still wou'd forward make,
 Till to his *Brethren* up he come.

And

And after they had shar'd the *Prey*,
Of which he always took his Part;
Then home again he'd make his way;
And this he did with wondrous *Art*.

But afterwards it happen'd so,
The *Wolves* abroad in quiet lay,
He to the *Flock* would private go,
And there a *Sheep* or two would *slay*.

But in *Conclusion* thus it was,
The *Shepherd* came to find the *Thing*,
And without reas'ning long the *Case*,
He hang'd his *WOLFSHIP* in a *String*.

THE MORAL.

Men that like *Wolves* are false by Nature,
Will always be the self same Creature:
A Leaven in their Blood will be,
E'en to the last o'th' Family.

REFLECTION.

Bad Dispositions are like *Mercury*,
They never can intirely alter'd be.

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Domestick Wolves, like *Wolves* in *Woods* reside,
May for a time their *Wolfish* *Temper* bide,
But still the *Cause* in *Nature* will abide.

The gen'ral Practice of the World *explains*,
The *Moral* which the *Fable* here contains:
The WHELPS of WOLVES in ev'ry Corner creep,
And worry Men, as Forest WOLVES do Sheep.

If we look round, a *World* of *These* we see,
Cull'd from the *Herd* o'th' *Common Enemy*:
Pity indeed, to make the *Emblem* true,
Like this WOLF's WHELP, they do not meet
their due.

F A B. CLVI.

A Lion, Fox, and Wolf.

THE *Monarch* of the *Beasts* grown *Old* and *Sick*,
All but the FOX their constant *Visits* paid:
The WOLF to play his *Friend*, the FOX a *Trick*,
On this Occasion to the LION said.

Nothing

Nothing (I can assure your Majesty)

But *Reynard's Pride* and boundless *Impudence*,
Prevents him now to bear us *Company*,
Whilst we, as *Duty binds*, attend our *Prince*.

The FOX, who *accidentally* o'er-heard,
Himself before the *Angry Monarch* threw,
And humbly begg'd he might so long be spar'd,
Till he the WOLF's *Suggestions* prov'd untrue.

Sir, I'll presume my *Loyalty*, says he,
Equal at least to any *Subject's* here,
And that e'en now to *serve Your Majesty*,
There's none has taken half the *Pains* and *Care*.

Both far and near I've *hunted* up and down,
Med'cines to find your *pretious Life* to save :
At length the *Gods* have kindly offer'd *One*,
That I'll be bound the *wish'd Effect* will have.

What is it? says the LION; let me hear.
Why nothing, says the FOX, but a WOLF's *Skin*,
Which from his *Hide alive* you ought to *tear*,
And whilst 'tis *warm*, wrap your whole *Body* in.

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The WOLF stood by ; and *Reynard smiling* spoke,
I hope, *Sir*, for the future you'll be wise,
And not your *Prince* to *Cruelty* provoke,
But with his *Subjects* gentle be, advise.

The M O R A L.

A Pickthank's Office is a Vice,
Of all the rest retains some Spice ;
And yet to see two Rascals shuffle,
There's some Diversion in the Scuffle:

R E F L E C T I O N.

Pickbanks, tho' Scoundrels to the last Degree,
There's scarce a Place is from such Vermin free :
Both Church and State, the Cabinet, the Bar,
With these Pernicious Knaves infested are.

What can be worse, when such vile Slaves as these
Obtain Belief, and get the Knack to please ?
And yet 'tis some Diversion, I will grant,
'To hear a WOLF a subtle FOX supplant ;
And 'tis some Pleasure too to draw the Scene,
And see the FOX supplant the WOLF again:

F A B. CLVII.

A Wife and a Drunken Husband.

A WOMAN who a HUSBAND had
 A very *Fuddling* Sor,
 Into a *Charnel-House*, dead drunk,
 With some *Assistance* got.

When she had left him till she thought
 He might *recover'd* be,
 Up to the Door she goes and knocks :
 Who's there ? Who's there ? says he.

'Tis one, says she, whose Business is
 To bring the Dead their Meat.
 Oh, says the *Toper*, bring me *Drink*,
 I'd rather *Drink* than *Eat*.

Ay! says the WOMAN ; is it so?
 Then I'll let him alone ;
 There is no curing of a *Vice*
 When 'tis *Habitual* grown,

The MO.

THE MORAL.

*Nothing almost can change our State,
When Habits are Inveterate.*

REFLECTION.

The Men to vicious Habits long inur'd,
If ever, are with *Difficulty* cur'd:
Like *Gangreens* they infect our Noble Parts;
Corrupt the Brain, and next they seize our Hearts.

All *Sensual Pleasures* have the same Effects,
On Souls and Bodies, Minds and Intellects.

F A B. CLVIII.

A Swan and a Goose.

There was a Master of a House,
Brought up at once a SWAN and GOOSE;
The One was to indulge his Ear,
The Other was for Belly-Fare.

Soon

Soon after this he *Orders* gave,
That he'd the GOOSE for *Dinner* have :
But so it chanc'd, the heedless *Cook*,
I'th' *Dark* the *One* for t'*Other* took,
And the SWAN's Neck had doubtless wrung,
If she had not that *Instant* sung.

THE MORAL.

*When any Creature's Life's at Stake,
We should a strict Enquiry make.*

REFLECTION.

Reason was given to *Man* for that Intent,
That he should *Think*, and distant *Ills* prevent.
Wise Men by *Chance* will nothing undertake,
But first *reflect* before they *Judgment* make,
And rarely fall under this *Cook's Mistake*.

F A B. CLIX.

The Washing of a Blackmoor.

A Man bought a BLACK upon strong *Supposition*,
That by keeping him clean he might change
his Condition : He

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He carries him home, and to try his *Projection*,
Falls to *scrubbing* and *washing* to change his *Com-*
plexion;

But all was in vain, he continu'd *Black* still,
Besides, by his *tamp'ring* the *Creature* grew *Ill*.

F A B. CLX.

A Raven and a Swan.

A RAVEN that *White* as a SWAN would
needs be,

From his *Washing* and *Food* comes his *Beauty*,
thinks he ;

Upon which his old *Course* of Life he forsakes,
And betook himself quite to the *Rivers* and *Lakes* :
But as Water no good to his Colour would do,
So for want of *Substance* he lost his *Life* too.

The MORAL of the Two Fables above.

Our Inclinations *sometimes may*
Be chang'd and turn'd *another Way* ;
But no Defacings, no Disguise,
Can change *Specifick* Properties.

R E F L E C T I O N.

He that to change the *Works* of *Nature* tries,
Vainly attempts *Impossibilities*.

There is no alt'ring the *Eternal Will*;
What was, is now, and must remain so still.

F A B. CLXI.

A **Swallow** and a **Crow**.

BETWIXT a SWALLOW and a CROW,
Which had most *Beauty* of the *Two*,
There happen'd a *Dispute*.

Yours only does in *Spring* appear,
Mine, says the CROW, lasts many Year,
And that must you *confute*.

The M O R A L.

*When Things in equal Worth excel,
That's Best that is most durable.*

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R E F L E C T I O N.

Those *Human Blessings* that exceed the rest,
Are those that longest last and are the *best* :
All others are but like the SWALLOW's here,
Just seen in *Spring* and then they disappear.

F A B. CLXII.

A Nightingal and a Bat.

AS in her *Cage* a NIGHTINGAL
One *Evening* at a *Window* sat,
And *singing* as 'twas usual,
She's thus accosted by a B A T.

How comes it in the *Day* that you
Are never heard to *sing* of late ?
Why, says the *Bird*, to tell you true,
Singing i'th' Day procur'd my *Fate*.

Says t'other, You had then done *right*
If you had thought of this before ;
But now what signifies the *Night*
Since they have got you in their *Pow'r*.

The M O.

The M O R A L.

*Bad Reasons when the Thing is done,
In all Respects are worse than none.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Things that are past we would recall in vain,
By such Attempts we aggravate our Pain;
The most in such a Case that can be done,
Is from Mistakes to learn Precaution:
The Glass of Human Life behind is plac'd,
And shews us what's to come by what is past.

F A B. CLXIII.

A Boy and Cockles.

SOME People roasting COCKLES were;
That hiss'd and crackl'd in the Fire.
These are strange Creatures, says a BOY,
To sing whilst Flames their Cells destroy.

The M O:

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The M O R A L.

*There's nothing squares with Sense or Reason,
Or can be well that's out of Season.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

There is a *Time* for Earnest and for Jest,
And Men that *Time* too shou'd distinguish first;
Nothing more *brutal, mean and vile* can be
Than to *insult a Wretch in Misery.*

F A B. CLXIV.

Two Travellers and a Bag
of Money.

TWO TRAVELLERS were jogging on,
And as they kept the *Way*,
One *stoops* and taking something up,
Did to the other say,

I've found a BAG of MONEY here.

Says t'other, don't say [I];

For when two Friends together are,

You shou'd, [We] found it, cry.

The Word was hardly pass'd before

A *Hue* and *Cry* was come,

To search for *Thieves* who just before

A *Robbery* had done.

Brother, said he that had the BAG,

W'are *ruin'd* both, I vow.

Fie! says the other, don't say [We],

But [I] am *ruin'd* now.

For if o'th' MONEY that is found

I am to have no *Share*,

Should I i'th' *Hanging* stand your *Halves*,

I think would not be fair.

The M O R A L.

Those that a Partnership will make,

Should Bad and Good together take.

R E F L E C T I O N

*Reason and Nature make this Doctrine clear,
 Who shares no Profit, should no Danger share ;
 And yet look thro' the World and you shall find,
 This [Weing] Humour running thro' Mankind.
 W'are Friends and Partners till [We] snatch the Gain,
 But when that's done W'are Enemies again ;
 Or when there's Danger comes [We] change the
 Cry,
 Then it must be no longer [We] but [I].*

F A B. CLXV.

Two Neighbouring-Frogs.

TWO FROGS that were Friends and liv'd
 near one another,
 The one in a Pond, by a *Way-side* the other.
 The Pond-FROG perceiving the *Waters decay*,
 Invited the FROG that liv'd by the Way
 To come to the *Pool* where she might live safe ;
 But she by no means wou'd consent to march off:

And

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And what was th' Event, but to end all her *Strife*;
A *Cart-wheel* run o're her and *crush'd* out her *Life*.

THE MORAL:

*Some are such slothful, listless Elves,
They will not stir to help Themselves;
But in a Ditch will starve and die,
Before they'll seek a Remedy.*

REFLECTION.

Here in the *Figure* of the FROG we see,
A *Life of Sloth* in its Epitomy:
So lazy or so obstinate she was,
Nothing could gain her from her wonted *Place*;
She'd rather stay by the *Way-side* and die,
Than move a Step to seek a *Remedy*,

All *Idle Persons* the same *Method* take,
And so their *Lives* a *Curse* and *Scandal* make.

F A B.

F A. B. CLXVI.

A Bee-Master.

A Thief to a Bee-Garden come,
 And in the *Absence* of the Man,
 The Honey all took out :
 The Man soon the *Discovery* made,
 And for some time reflecting staid,
 How this should come about.

In the mean time the BEES came Home,
 And finding that their *Combs* were gone,
 They on their *Master* fly.
 If this, says he, be then the *Case*,
 I find you're an *ungrateful Race*,
 A *senceless* Company.

Why would you let a *Stranger* go,
 That has so basely *rif'd* you,
 And use your *Master* thus,
 That at this *Instant* beats his *Brain*,
 How you may be *repair'd* again ?
 Oh ! this is *Barbarous*.

The MORAL.

*'Tis usual as the World now goes,
For Men to take their Friends for Foes.*

REFLECTION.

Nothing in Nature's a more rash Mistake,
Than Friends for Foes, or Foes for Friends to take:
It does our Justice and our Prudence blame,
And is in all Professions much the same.
Yet there are Swarms, like these ungrateful BEES,
Their Keepers sting, and spare their Enemies,

F A B. CLXVII.

A Kingfisher.

THE KINGFISHER's a lonely Bird,
Frequents the Water side,
Creeps into Banks and Holes, that she
May from the Fowlers hide.

Whilst

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Whilst one of *these* was gone abroad
To get her *Young Ones Food*,
A *Torrent* came and wash'd away
Her *Nest* with all her *Brood*.

On which she sadly thus complains;
How wretched is my *Case*,
To fly from *Apprehensions*
Thus into *Danger's Face*!

The M O R A L.

Wise Men by *flying one* Mishap,
Oft fall into another's Lap;
Nay oft their Providence and Care,
The Cause of their Destruction are.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Through *Life's dark Maze* Mankind is doom'd
to run.
And backward tread the *Paths* he strives to shun.
Heaven has its *darling Creature*, Man, indu'd
With Reason, Judgment, Prudence, Fortitude;
And yet they're all too little to foresee
Things that must come, or what is not to be.

Still Human Life to *Danger* open lies,
 And there's no *Fence* against *Cantingencies* :
 The only Way that we can mend our State,
 Is *Silence*, and Submission to our Fate :
 Thus we the Troubles of our Lives *defeat*,
 And in the End secure a safe *Retreat*.

F A B. CLXVIII.

Fishing in Troubled Waters.

A FISHERMAN ord'ring his Net for his
Matter,

To fright in the FISH, kept *dashing* the *Water* ;
 Whilst some of the *Neighbours* that stood on the
Brink,

Condemn him for muddling the *Water* they *drink*.
 Well, well, says the Man, but the *Matter* lies here,
 Should catch not a FISH if the *Water* was clear.

The M O R A L.

When they can neither hear nor see
 'Tis best to gain the Mobile :

N

Muddle

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*Muddle them first with Doubts and Fears,
They'll soon lug one another's Ears.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*This Allegory's often well apply'd
To those, for Gain, the Publick wou'd divide ;
Such Restless Men to burn the World desire,
Only to roast their Cockles by the Fire.
They deal in Tumults, in Commotions trade,
And first disturb the Waters they'd invade.*

F A B. CLXIX.

An Ape and a Dolphin.

P*People of Old that went to Sea,
Puppies and APES would with them bear
To help to pass the Time away,
And play 'em Tricks whilst they were there.*

*One of those APES had the Ill Luck
In a great Storm Aboard to be ;
And when a Rock the Vessel struck,
Was fore'd to swim for Company.*

A certain DOLPHIN there by chance

Supposing him to be a *Man*,

Upon his *Back* did him *advance*,

And with him t'wards the *Land* he ran.

When they to the *Pyræus* came,

The DOLPHIN of the APE would know,

If he was an *Athenian*;

Yes, says the APE, an *old One* too.

Then says the DOLPHIN, you must know

Pyræus sure. I do, says he;

I've known him many Years ago,

He is my *Friend* exceedingly,

This *Impudence* the DOLPHIN took

In such *Disdain*, that from his *Back*

The *Vermin* with *Contempt* he shook,

And so he perish'd in the *Wrack*.

The M O R A L.

Bragging, Lying and Pretending,

Many a *Man* has brought t'his Ending.

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Pretending Fools will brag and lye and prate
Of Men and Things, and deep Intrigues of State :
They know all Books, all Sciences, all Arts,
And would be thought the only Men of Parts ;
When at the bottom they are merely APES,
Poor senseless Creatures wrap'd in Human Shapes.*

F A B. CLXX.

Mercury and a Statuary.

ONce MERCURY, who needs would know
His *Credit* in the *World* below,
Concludes that best it might be done,
The *Shape* of *Man* by putting on,
And then to talk it by the Bye
With some *ingenious Statu'ry*:
And so to one away he goes,
Who of the *Gods* some *Pieces* shows.
The first he bid him *Money* for,
Happen'd to be a *Jupiter*:

And finding that so *cheap* would come,
 Then for a *Sum* ask'd what *Sum* ;
 For which the *Carver* did *require*,
 A *Price*, tho' small, yet something higher.
 The *Figure* next he ask'd to buy
 Bore his own *Shape*, a MERCURY,
 With Wings and all his Ensigns on,
 To shew his high *Commission*.
 This to himself is *right*, says he,
 It speaks my *Pow'r* and *Quality* ;
 And now for this he'll ask, I'm sure,
 Than for the *other*, ten times more ;
 And so he put it to him, What
 He valued his *Merc'ry* at.
 Why, says the Man, you seem to me
 One of so much *Civility*,
 Give me my *Price* for th'other *Two*,
 And take that into th' *Bargain* too.

The M O R A L.

*This is to shew the Vanity
 Of those that prize themselves too high.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*The Saying's old, and yet it plain appears,
Good of himself the Listener never hears.*

Vain is the Man that like this MERCURY
Hankers for Praise and Popularity;
And wretched is he too, when in their place
He meets Contempt, Reproaches and Disgrace.

Yet some their Ensigns and their Charters boast,
'Tho' like this God they are but Pimps at most.

F A B. CLXXI.

Mercury and Tiresias.

TO try if TIRESIAS deserv'd his Great Name,
A Plot into th' Head of MERCURY came:
He stole all the Oxen, and order'd it so,
When the News of it came, that he'd be there too.
So to him he went in the Shape of a Man,
And soon came the Tidings his Oxen were gone;
Upon which to the Top of a Tower hard by,
He took up the God, and bid him go try

What

What *Birds* he could see. Why an *Eagle*, says he
 An *Eagle* ? says t'other ; that's no *Bird* for me :
 Pray look round again. So he spy'd out a *Crow* :
 By the *Motions* she makes, says *TIRESIAS*, I know
 That there's a *Man* present, with a *great deal of Ease*,
 Can restore me my *Oxen* again, if he please.

THE MORAL.

This Fable chiefly strikes at those,
Their Whimsies on the World impose.

REFLECTION.

Knaves set up *Jugglers*, which the *Fools* maintain ;
 And then the *Jugglers* set up *Knaves* again ;
 And so between 'em we shall never be,
 From *Knaves* and *Fools*, and *Juggling Rascals*, free.

F A B. CLXXII.

A Hound and a Mastiff,

A Man had once a *Brace* of *Dogs*,
 He kept for diff'rent Use ;
 One's *Business* was to *Hunt* the *Game*,
 T'other's to *Guard* the *House*.

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Now what the HOUND was wont to catch;
The MASTIFF still had Share ;
At which the Cur a Grumbling kept,
And cry'd it was not fair.

Says th' other, That's no Fault of mine,
To *Work* I am not *train'd* ;
And since it is my *Master's Will*,
I ought to be *maintain'd*.

The M O R A L.

Our Youth require our utmost Skill,
To train and educate them well.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Ruine and Vengeance overhang that State,
Neglects its Youth with Care to educate.
Youth unimprov'd degenerate, like some Seeds,
First run to Stalk, and then turn perfect Weeds ;
And so proceed till they destroy the Soil,
Choak all that's Good, and all that's Useful spoil.

F A B. CLXXIII.

An Unhappy Match.

THere was a *Man* some time agoe,
 Whose *Wife* was such a wicked *Shrew*,
 He ne're could be at Ease.
 To make the best of a bad *Game*,
 He to her *Father* sent the *Dame*,
 To try if that would please.

Soon afterwards when he came there,
 Says he, Pray how goe Matters here ?
 Says she, I do not know ;
 For there's not one i'th' *Family*
 That can endure my *Company*,
 As all their *Faces* shew.

Ah *Wife* ! (says he) if such as these,
 That only see you when they please,
 Cannot be free from *Strife* ;
 How wretched must your Husband be,
 That's doom'd to keep you *Company*
 For the long *Term* of *Life* ?

The M O R A L.

*When Man and Wife cannot agree,
Prudence as well as Modesty
Obliges Both to hide their Shame,
And make the best of a bad Game.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Some Women so contentious are, so vile;
No Objects please, no Favours reconcile;
Pride or Revenge their chiefest Time employs,
And Affectation their whole Life destroys;
No Merit their Aversion can remove,
Their Hate's as fierce and senseless as their Love.*

*Fools they must have, or else they have no Sway;
For none but Fools will Womankind obey.
That Passive Slave that contradicts their Will,
He must, in Course, expect to be us'd ill:
The more he flatters, cringes, whines and dies,
The more they'll hate, the more they'll tyrannize.*

F A B. CLXXIV.

A **WOLF** and a **KID**.

A WOLF that spy'd a stragling KID,
Pursu'd him very close,
On which the KID turn'd round about,
And thus he grew jocose :

I find, says he, I am to *die*;
And since it must be so,
Give me one *touch* upon your *Pipe*,
I may with *Pleasure* go.

The WOLF he *play'd*, and the KID danc'd,
On which the *Dogs* appear.
This comes of *meddling*, says the WOLF,
Of *Things* beyond our *Sphere*.

The M O R A L.

Knaves, *tho' they're ne'er so sharp and quick,*
Are sometimes subject to a Trick.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The *Antient Morals* of this *Fable* shew,
 That all Men should their proper *Trades* pursue :
 To me it seems to have a greater *Sence*,
 And points at *Heaven's* *Regard* to *Innocence*.
 The *Cautions* plain : Oppressors hence beware ;
 The *Just*, tho' *weak*, are the Almighty's Care.

F A B. CLXXV.

A Fox and a Crab.

A CRAB as he lay
 On the *Sand* by the *Sea*,
 By a FOX that was hungry surpriz'd ;
 Cry'd out, 'twas in vain
 Of his *Fate* to complain,
 Since he would not be better advis'd.

The M O R A L.

Those Men the most unprov'd fall ;
That meddle where they have no Call.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Man that keeps the *Station* he's assign'd,
 Lives most at *Ease*, and will most *Safety* find;
 Whilst he that *bankers* after *Novelties*,
 Still like this CRAB expos'd to *Danger* lies.
 All *Things* have *Stations* fix'd by *God* and *Nature*;
 And those exceed their *Bounds* like this vain *Creature*,
 May see their *Folly* when it is too late,
 And they are gone too far to mend their *Fate*.

F A B. CLXXVI.

A Musician.

A Man whose *Voice* was very weak
 Had a fine *Musick-Room*,
 And thither for the *Eccho* sake
 He'd oft to practice come.

At length upon a *Publick Stage*
 He needs must shew his *Skill*,
 Where he is hiss'd at for his *Pains*,
 He sung so very ill.

The M O.

The M O R A L.

*Men may look well in their own Glasses,
 Who to the Publick look like Affes:
 But then 'tis here the Truth on's lies,
 There's few Men see with their own Eyes.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*In Private some Philosophers appear,
 That are mere Pedants in the Publick Chair.
 A Room may help the Voice, a Glass the Face,
 And yet the Man be ne're the less an Ass.
 Where Judgment, Wit, and Men of Sense prevail,
 False Glasses and false Eccos too must fail:
 Men therefore should with Care themselves survey,
 Measure each Thought, and ev'ry Passion weigh,
 Before they venture to ascend the Stage,
 Where they their Fame and Fortune too engage.*

F A B. CLXXVII.

Thieves that stole a Cock.

A Band of THIEVES a *House* once broke;
Where nothing but a COCK they found;
And sure no COCK e're better spoke,
For *Life and Freedom to Compound*:

But chiefly he *insisted on*
His calling up the *Family*.
Sir, says a THIEF, let that alone;
That's but a bad *Apology*:

Sirrah, says he, that spoils our *Trade*;
You *wake the Dogs and People both*,
And so by you we are *betray'd*,
And through your *Bawling hang'd*, forsooth.

The M O R A L.

That which is Nourishment to some.
To others is Rank Poyson;
And so the Trussing up of THIEVES;
To Honest Men a Safety gives:

*One foolish Word more Mischief does,
Than twenty wise ones can compose,
Thus Men by their own Argument,
The Justice of their Cause prevent.*

REFLECTION.

'Tis a hard Case, an *Argument* to bring
Against the *Truth* and *Reason* of a *Thing*.
For want of *Rules*, Men *blindly* blunder on,
Till by some *foolish Word* they are undone.
This was the COCK's hard *Fate*, and 'tis no more
Than what has been *experienc'd o're and o're*.

F A B. CLXXVIII.

A Crow and a Raven.

YOUR RAVEN in the *World* appears,
As if he *Things* to come could shew ;
A CROW that his *Prediction* hears,
Sets up for a *Foreboder* too.

So he gets up into a Tree,
And there he *nods*, and *croaking* lay,
Just o're the Head of *Company*
He saw were passing by that Way.

At first this gave them some *Surprize*,
But when they came the Truth to know,
Says one, No *Danger* this *implies*,
'Tis but the *Chast'ring* of a CROW.

THE MORAL

Predictions and an Old Wife's Tale;
O're superstitious Fools prevail;
Tho' at the Bottom there appears
Nothing but their own Doubts and Fears.

REFLECTION.

All Men of Sense those empty Fools suspect,
That Things beyond their Faculties affect.
Emp'ricks, Buffoons, and your Pretenders all,
Under the Moral of this Fable fall.

A Fool the Doctor's Gown and Cap may wear,
But 'tis not those make the Philosopher :

His

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His Tongue, his Mein, or something else will shew;
That after all he's but a Chast'ring CROW.

F A B. CLXXIX.

A Dog and a Crow.

A DOG by a CROW was invited one time
To *Minerva* to go, and in *Sacrifice* join.
I would go, says the DOG, but what if I do,
The Goddess has such an *Aversion* to You
'Twill signify nothing; Says the CROW, that's
all one,
I'll the rather go try if I can *atone*.

The M O R A L.

By th' Practice of the World we see
Religion's but the Property.
Int'rest or Fear make Men precise,
Or offer up their Sacrifice.

This

R E F L E C T I O N.

Most People with their *Sacrifice* appear,
As *Indians* do, that *serve the De'il for Fear*.

This *Fable* too, if rightly understood,
Shews us to *kiss at Heaven* will do no Good;
Our *Prayers* and *Tears* can only recommend,
And make the *Angry GOD* again our *Friend*.

F A B. CLXXX.

A *Raven* and a *Snake*.

A S a SNAKE in the Sun lay at length,
A RAVEN by chance being near,
With his *Bill* took hold of his *Back*,
And flew with him into the *Air*.

The SNAKE still *swifted* and *twinn'd*,
Till at last the RAVEN he bit;
Upon which his *Folly* he *curs'd*
For vent'ring to meddle with it.

The M O.

The MORAL.

*The Wants of Life are made by Nature
 Easy and safe to ev'ry Creature.
 If We have therefore Hankerings
 After unsafe and needless Things,
 The Fault's our own, and we must bear
 Whatever the Misfortunes are.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Would we the naked State of Things survey,
 And Good and Ill with equal Ballance weigh,
 At once wou'd open lie before our Sight
 The Dangers of a raging Appetite.
 There we should see that Pleasure in Excess
 Destroys all Means of Human Happiness;
 And that to gratify one foolish Sense,
 We venture Life, and forfeit Innocence.*

*In short, all Sensual Acquisitions bring
 Death in their Teeth, or Poison in their Sting:
 Where e're they bite they leave a mortal Wound,
 As in the SNAKE and RAVEN here is found.*

F A B. CLXXXI.

A Daw and Pigeons.

A DAW observ'd a *Dove-house* where
The PIGEONS were well fed,
So *paints* himself like one of them,
And then among 'em fled.

So long as he his Counsel kept
He pass'd without a *Flaw*;
But being catch'd at *unawares*,
He happen'd to cry [KAW.]

This quickly a *Discov'ry* made,
So out o'th' *House* they *beat him*;
And when to his old *Friends* he came,
They in like *Manner* *treat him*.

The M O R A L.

Trimmers when once they are detected,
Are by both Parties still rejected.

R E F L E C T I O N.

The Man that *aims* at *Things* beyond his *Lot*,
Wishes in vain, and *hazards* what h'has got.
 All *Imitation* at the best is *low* ;
 For *Nature* points what ev'ry One shou'd *do* :
 And where Mens *Talent* and their *Genius* lies,
 That they shou'd follow, That shou'd chiefly *prize*.

That *senseless* DAW, to change his Shape *pre-*
sumes,
 Is still a DAW altho' in *painted Plumes* ;
 And when they come to find the *colour'd Knave*,
 All Men for him a fix'd *Aversion* have.

This *Emblem* too those *Trimmers* represents,
 That like this DAW change *Colour* with *Events*,
 Are like him too expos'd to *Accidents*.
 These may a while pass *Musters* in the *Crowd*,
 But if at *Unawares* they [*Kaw*] too loud,
 The *Trimmer* then appears thro' the *Disguise*,
 And *Friends* and *Foes* the [*Kawing*] *Knave* despise.

F A B. CLXXXII.

A **Daw** with a **String** at his
Foot.

A Man took a **DAW**, and, to find him *Impley*,
Ty'd a **STRING** to his **FOOT**, and gave
him his *Boy*;

But the **DAW** not thinking the *Company* good,
Gave the Youngster the slip, and flew to the *Wood*,
Where he's shackl'd and starv'd: Expiring says he,
Had I staid among Men, from this *Death* I'd been free.

The M O R A L.

'Tis Fancy *more than* Reason *still*,
Makes Human Life seem Good or Ill.
And 'tis the Mind's the Place where We
Must Happy or Unhappy be.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Men that for slight *Restraints* will *Bawl* and *Kaw*,
Run the same *Risque* with this *impatient* **DAW**:
With **STRINGS** about their **LEGS** around they fly,
Till they are shackl'd and at last they die:

This

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This is the *Case* of ev'ry *senceless Fool*,
Fancies himself Oppress'd by those that *Rule*;
He rails at *Laws* and murmurs at *Restraints*,
Tho' better than the *Liberty* he wants.

F A B. CLXXXIII.

Jupiter and Fraud.

SAYS JUPITER to MERCURY,
A *Composition* make
OF FRAUD and foul *Hypocrisy*,
Artificers to take.

The *Medicine's* made, and every Man
Had his proportion'd Dose,
Yet still there in the Mortar was
A great deal *Overplus*.

But upon stating the Account,
This quickly solv'd the *Doubt*;
It seems, that in the *Catalogue*
The *Taylors* were left out.

The

The God in short gave them the rest,
That nothing might be lost;
So in all Trades there's Knavery,
But in the Taylor's most.

THE MORAL.

*With Flesh and Blood compounded be,
The very Seeds of Knavery.
Some Frauds have got a better Name;
Or else the World is much the same.*

REFLECTION.

*Lying and Couz'ning's practis'd ev'ry where,
Tho' in some Men and Trades they most appear:
The Business of the World 'twixt Man and Man,
Is who can best his Brother Knave trappan.
There's nothing hardly we can say or do,
But has some Mixture in't that is untrue.*

*Hence we the Pow'r of Human Frailty see,
And that i'th' main We all but Jugglers be.*

F A B. CLXXXIV.

Jupiter and Modesty.

MAN was made in such wonderful haste,
(As says the Old Fable) the God,
 When he was a *molding the Paste,*
 Left MODESTY out of the *Clod.*

But afterwards finding 'twas vain
 To attempt to bring it in Use,
 He *propos'd* to turn it again
 Among the *Multitude* loose.

This MODESTY took very ill ;
 At length, I'll agree to't, says she,
 Provided *vain Love* shall be still
 Excluded from my *Company.*

The M O R A L.

No sensual Love can ever be,
 In the same Place with MODESTY ;
 It breaks all Bonds, and Natures Rules,
 And makes Men either Mad or Fools.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Tho' what the *World* calls MODESTY or *Shame*,
Is only something by another Name,
Yet it can scarce in the same *Person* be,
With *Brutal Love* and *Sensuality*.
Folly and *Madness* govern in their Turn,
The Men whom *Lust* or *Raging Passions* burn;
These tear up *Nature's Bounds*, and lay all waste,
And when that's done, *destroy* themselves at last.

F A B. CLXXXV.

Jupiter's Wedding.

W HEN the *Toy* was once got into JUPITER's
Head,

That nothing would serve him but he must needs
Wed,

He *Resolves* that to *Honour* his *Lady* that *Day*,

All the *World* should have leave to *Feast* and to *play*;

And so he invited the *Creatures* to come,

One and all for to see the *Solemnity* done.

R E.

O 2

They

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They all but the *Tortoise* came just to the Time,
Who being by JUPITER charg'd with the *Crime*,
Why, truly says he, I was at my own *House*,
Which tho' 'tis but homely, 'tis fit for my Use.
This JUPITER took in such *Dudgeon*, to see
That a *Ditch* thus preferr'd to a *Palace* should be,
That he sentenc'd him never again to stir out,
Without carri'ng his *House* at the same time about.

The M O R A L.

*A Sluggard a Retreat may have,
As well as he that's Wife and Brave,
And Beggars be in Cots as Great,
As those that in a Palace sit:
At least they may as happy be,
As Kings with all their Gallantry.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

A little Cot blest'd with Content and Ease,
Exceeds by far the Pomp of Palaces.
He that at home in Peace his Morsel eats,
Avoids the Danger of luxurious Treats:
He breaths with liesure, and his Mind is free
To read and study his Philosophy.

What's

What's a *Voluptuous Dinner*, what's a *Feast*,
Where *Frothy Talk* must entertain the Guest?
And what's the *Pomp* and *Palace* of a *King*,
If *Sense* and *Virtue* don't *Adornment* bring?

This was the *Case* before us, we'll suppose,
So to *JOVE's Feast* the *Tortoise* lagging goes.

F A B. CLXXXVI.

A Wolf and a Sheep.

A WOLF that was *bit* by a *Dog*,
Lay *licking* his *Wounds* by the *Way*,
Observing a *SHEEP* coming by,
Thus took an *Occasion* to say:

Hark ye *Friend*! Wouldst thou *step* to that *Brook*,
And bring me a *Soop* of the *Water*;
I could make a hard *shift*, I believe,
To get something *my Self* to eat after.

Yes, yes, says the *SHEEP*, I don't doubt
But you'd quickly have something to *eat*;
If I'd bring you the *Water* to *drink*,
My *Carcase* should serve you for *Meat*.

THE MORAL.

*When Men in Want and Sickneſs lye,
To help 'em's Chriſtian Charity ;
But when they Sturdy Beggars grow,
The Duty ceaſes to be ſo.*

REFLECTION.

It long with *Knaves* a *Maſterpiece* has been,
With *formal Shews* to draw their *Bubbles* in.
The Caſe i'th' *Fable* ev'ry Day's in view,
And many *SHEEP* are ruin'd by it too.

Now there's *One Rule* that always will hold good,
As well in *Courts* of *Princes* as the *Wood*,
Never to truſt thoſe *Vermin* always lie
Ready to ſnap us by their *Flattery*.

Treachery's a kind of *Lay Hypocriſy*,
Regards no *Faith*, nor no *Humanity* :
Which *Æſop's* *SHEEP* obſerv'd through the
Disguiſe,
So leaves thee *WOLF* to lick his *Wounds*, and *flies*.

F A B. CLXXXVII.

Hares, Foxes, and Eagles.

A *Bloody War (Old Stories tell)*
'Twixt HARES and EAGLES once there
fell.

The HARES their utmost *Skill apply'd,*
To draw the FOXES to their side.
Yes, says the FOXES, we would be
Your *Friends*, and serve you heartily,
Did we not know our *Selves* and *You*,
And those we are to *cope* with too.

The M O R A L.

Folly and Danger's in the Venture,
When Men in Leagues at Random enter,

R E F L E C T I O N.

'Tis a sure sign that Those are near undone,
Who into *dang'rous Leagues* at Random run.
The Men, their *Lives* and *Fortunes* will expose,
With *weak Allies* against *Unequal Foes*,
Urge their own *Fate*, and hasten their own *Woes*.

In all *Concerns* of *Life* our Care should be,
To join with *Persons* of our own *Degree*.

F A B. CLXXXVIII.

An *Ant* formerly a *Man*.

THE ANT was first a *Husbandman*,
That *filch'd* his *Neighbour's* *Corn*,
And home convey'd it secretly,
And hid it in his *Barn*.

This drew a *Curse* upon his *Head*;
And *Jupiter*, to shew
He thought it *scandalous* for *Man*
To do such Things *below*.

He turn'd the *Fellow* to an ANT;
But yet his *Change* of *Shape*,
In's *Nature*, *Mind* and *Manners*, did
No *Alteration* make.

THE MORAL.

*What's Industry and Care in some,
In others is Oppression.
Virtue and Vice are in some Cafes :
So like, 'tis hard to know their Faces.*

REFLECTION.

*When Men Habitual Wickedness pursue,
It soon grows Desp'rate, and proves Mortal too :
Custom's a second Nature, and denies
To be transform'd, or cover'd by Disguise.*

*By Brutal Actions We destroy the Mind,
And sink below the Honour of our Kind.*

F A B. CLXXXIX.

Travellers by the Sea-side.

A *Company walking upon the Sea-side,
Far distant they somewhat coming t'ward :
'em espy'd ;*

O ;

'Twas

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'Twas so large at first *View* a *Ship* it was thought,
But as it came nearer they took't for a *Boat* :
And what should it be when it came to the *Shore*,
But some *Rushes* and *Weeds*, and not any thing more.

The MORAL.

Things *distant* big or less appear,
According to our Hope or Fear.

R E F L E C T I O N.

To make our *Lives* more wretched than they be,
We fill them up with *Curiosity* :
Things with *false Eyes* we at a *Distance* view,
And antedate our *Ills* and *Blessings* too,
And falsely judge of ev'ry thing we do.
With too much *Pains* and *Diligence* we pry,
Into the *Secrets* of *Futurity* ;
When all our great *Affairs* lie nearer home,
And only there with *Safety* may be done.

F A B. CXC.

A **W**ild Ass and a **T**ame.

A **T**AME ASS in a *Meadow* was taking *Delight*,
With a *Coat* and a *Carcase* in very good
Plight,

When up comes a **WILD ONE**, and to him does say,
I envy your Happiness, so went away.

Not long after this, his **TAME BROTHER** he
found

Groaning under a *Pack*, with his *Head* to the
Ground ;

Upon which he thus whispers it into his *Ear* :

Well, my *Friend*, I perceive *We may buy Gold too dear* ;

If this be the *Case*, I like my own *State*,

And won't purchase your *Food* and *Good Looks* at
this *Rate*.

The **M O R A L**.

By *Envy*, *Pride*, or by *Mistake*,

Ourselves we double *Wretches* make :

Our Neighbour *swat* *they have* we *grudge*;

And our own Share too little judge.

R E-

R E F L E C T I O N.

How *senseless* is the ASS to mend his *State*,
Runs Hazards to be more *Unfortunate*.
No Man should run a *Risque*, but where the *Gain*
Exceeds the *Loss*, the *Danger*, and the *Pain*.

To Men and Beasts fit *Stations* are assign'd,
And there, or no where, they must *Comfort* find;
For when our *Best* and utmost we have done,
All *Good* or *Ill* is from *Comparison*.

With *Partial Eyes* the *State* of *Things* we view,
And often judge from *false Appearance* too.

F A B. CXCI.

Asses to Jupiter.

THE ASSES found themselves so much
Oppress'd,

By heavy *Burdens* and hard *Masters* too,
That one and All they JUPITER request,

That he would something in their *Favour* do.

Says

Says JUPITER, if I the *Thing* should grant,

I put an End to all *Society*;

The *carrying Burdens* is of so much want,

Some *Way* or *other* it must always be.

But if you'll all to *piss* a *River* try,

That so the *Burdens* may by *Water* go,

With what you ask me I will then comply,

And from your *present Ills* deliver you.

And so to *pissing* all the ASSES fall,

Which *pissing Humour* still remains in Force ;

For when One *pisses*, then the rest *piss* all,

And this, they say, is what they do in Course.

THE MORAL.

He that appeals 'gainst Providence,

Shews both a want of Grace and Sence.

REFLECTION.

There's no contending with *Almighty Will*,

What was at first *decreed* continues still:

Nothing was made Imperfect or by Chance,

But ALL in wond'rous Order did advance.

All

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All Creatures have their fix'd and *settled State*,
Which they no more can *alter* than *create*.
What *Fools* and *Mad Men* then those *Wretches* be,
That strive to change th' *Immutable Decree* ;
And like the *ASSES* in the *Emblem* here,
Complain of *Burdens* they are *doom'd* to *bear*.

F A B. CXCII.

An *Ass* and the *Frogs*.

AN *ASS* in crossing o're some *Bogs*,
Sinks down amidst a *Shoal* of *FROGS*,
And there beneath his *Load* he lay,
Sighing almost his *Heart* away.
Why hark ye *Friend*, says One o'th' *Crew*,
You're just fall'n in, and keep this *Doe* ;
Had you been here as long as *We*,
I wonder then what you would say.

The M O R A L.

All Things are best and most content,
Within their proper *Element*.

REFLECTION.

In all our *Ills* *We* no *Alley* can find,
Like *Courage* and a *Constancy* of *Mind* :
Those bear us up and *mitigate* our *Pain*,
When all our *Sighs* and *Strugglings* are in vain.

Custom does much, but *Custom* never can
Alter the *Brave*, or shake the *Steady Man* :
Virtue's his *Guide*, and that will steer him through
All *Accidents* that *Life* is subject to.

F A B. CXCIH.

A Gall'd Ass and a Raven.

A N ASS whose BACK was sadly GALL'D,
As he a *feeding* was,
A RAVEN pitching on him, kept
Still *lobbing* at the *Place*.

On which the ASS to *frisking* fell,
And *braying* in such sort,
That set a *Groom* that saw the Thing,
A *laughing* at the *Sport*.

Well,

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Well, says a *Wolf* as he pass'd by,

Now where's the *Justice* here?

Had I been in this RAVEN's Place,

It would have cost me dear.

The M O R A L.

Some Men *may better steal a Horse,*

Than Others look into the Place.

R E F L E C T I O N.

Reason by *Humour* is so much o'er*sway'd,*

And Men by *Prejudice* so oft *betray'd,*

They *Love* and *Hate*, and both they know not why,

As tho' they acted from *Antipathy.*

F A B. CXCIV.

A LYON, ASS, and FOX.

A N ASS and a FOX were together one Day,
And *rambling* along met a LYON i'th' Way.

The FOX's Heart beat, but to mend a bad *Game,*

Puts on a good Face, and to'th' LYON he came:

If

If your Majesty please, I can serve you, says he,
 And your Honour to me shall *Security* be:
 If you'd have this ASS, speak the Word, I'll go on,
 And deliver him to You as sure as a Gun.
 Well, well, says the LYON, then let it be done.
 So the FOX to a *Foal* the ASS did ensnare,
 And the LYON perceiving they both were safe
 there,
 He begins with the FOX, and after He's Eat,
 The ASS must supply the rest of the Meat.

THE MORAL.

The Treason sometimes may be born,
 But Traytors all Men hate and scorn.

REFLECTION.

With Diligence we should survey the Man,
 Before we make him our Companion:
 For tho' i' th' Course of Things we often see,
 Traytors at last but their own *Licitors* be;
 Yet still whene're we trust a common Knave,
 If W'are betray'd we no Excuse can have.

Here in th' Emblem we at once may view,
 A Fool, a Traytor and a Tyrant too:

That

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That Fool the ASS, that Knave the FOX betrays;
Then on them Both the Tyrant LYON preys.
And what's all this but what we daily find,
Run through the gen'ral Practice of Mankind?

F A B. CXCV.

A Hen and a Swallow.

UPON a Nest of Snakes Eggs once,
There was a HEN that brooding sat;
A SWALLOW that observ'd it, went
And told her, to prevent her Fate.

You little think perhaps, says she,
What at this Instant 'tis you do;
And that what now you Hatching be,
Will in Conclusion ruine you.

The M O R A L.

Thus in the World we often see
Many a Man of Probity,
In spite of all we can advise,
Breeds up a Bird picks out his Eyes.

R. H.

R E F L E C T I O N.

'Tis but the common *Fate* of friendly Men,
To meet *Contempt* and *base Returns* again.
The *World* in all *Respects* is grown so *Lov'd*,
So lost to *Honour*, *Sence*, and *Gratitude*,
A Man can hardly a *good Office* do,
But he's *betray'd*, and *slighted* for it too.

Ungrateful Villains all *Occasions* watch,
And lay the *Plots* *well-meaning Blockheads* hatch;
Who like this silly HEN will still *brood on*,
Till like her too they are at last undone.

F A B. CXCVI.

A Pigeon and a Picture.

W^{ith} *Water* in't a PIGEON saw
The *Picture* of a *Glass*;
And eagerly up to't she *flies*,
Supposing *Water* 'twas.

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She flew so fierce against the *Frame*,
 That she her *Feathers* broke ;
 And falling to the Ground upon't,
 The *People* took her up.

THE MORAL.

*Rash Men do many Things in Haste,
 That they repent of when they're past.*

REFLECTION.

We should *examin* first what e're *We* do,
 Then neither be too hasty nor too slow ;
 Pth' middle Way Men always safest go.
 When without Thought we like this PIGEON fly,
 At ev'ry *Object* that first strikes the *Eye*,
 Like her we run a *Risque* to break our *Wings*,
 'Gainst *Outward Forms* and *Images* of *Things*,

The Man that is by *Violent Transports* sway'd,
 We often see is easily *betray'd*.
 When *Passion* guides us, without *Fear* or *Wit*,
 All sorts of *Vice* and *Folly* we commit.
Ambition, Hatred, Fear, Revenge and *Love*,
 All in their *Turns* to our *Destruction* move:

Which.

Which comes exactly to the PIGEON's Case,
And speaks Us full as *silly* as She was.

F A B. CXC VII.

A Pigeon and a Crow.

A PIGEON that us'd in a *Dove-house* to feed,
Made her *Brag*s to a CROW of her num'rous
Breed.

Says the CROW; Pray to *boast* of your *Children*
forbear,

For the more you have of 'em the greater's your
Care.

The M O R A L.

A num'rous Issue, Blessings are;
But a few Good Ones greater far.

R E F L E C T I O N.

What *Charge*, what *Hazard*, and what constant
Care,

Attend the *Man* whose *Children* Num'rous are!

And

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And whether 'tis Their Lot to *Live* or *Die*,
Still They find *Matter* for *Anxiety*:
Their *Preservation*'s always in his Sight,
Implies his *Hands* by Day, his *Head* by Night;
And after all, 'tis odds, but some of These
Grow Vicious, and destroy his future Ease.

F A B. CXCVIII.

A Woman and her Two
Daughters.

A WOMAN that Two DAUGHTERS had,
Happ'ning to *Bury One*,
Provides some *Mourners* to attend
The Body to her *Tomb*.

When the surviving DAUGHTER saw
These *Strangers* how they Mourn'd,
And all her nearest *Kindred* sit
So *Calm* and *Unconcern'd*;

She

She ask'd her *Mother* what it meant :
 Says she, Ill tell you why ;
 Her *Kindred* nothing are to get,
 But *Those* are *Hir'd* to cry.

THE MORAL.

*Hir'd Mourners are like Knights o'th' Post,
 They'll serve them best that give them most.*

REFLECTION.

Most *Funeral Grief's* but *Mourning a la Mode*,
 And to the *Corps* for *Form Sake* only shew'd :
 Some *Tears in-Course* must at the *Grave* be shed,
 But more for th' *Sake o'th' Living* than the *Dead*.

F A B. CXCIX.

A Shepherd and his Sheep.

WHEN SHEEP like *Hogs* on *Acrons* fed,
 It came into a SHEPHERD's Head

To

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To drive his *Flock* into a *Wood*,
 And there to try to get 'em *Food*;
 Under a *Tree* his *Coat* he plac'd,
 And then got up and shook the *Mast*.
 The *SHEEP* so fond o'th' *Acrons* were,
 That often they the *Coat* would tear;
 Which when the *SHEPHERD* saw, says he,
 You're an ungrateful *Company*:
 You cloath all *People* you don't know,
 And strip your *Master* fosters you.

The M O R A L.

*Thus rav'nous Appetites devour,
 Whatever falls within their Power.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

Some Men with *eager Appetites* are curst
 To that Degree, all *Sence of Taste* is lost;
 For Things or Persons they have no *Regard*,
 Nor are their *Masters* in their *Hunger* spar'd.

F A B. CC.

Jupiter and a Herdsman.

A HERDSMAN a Calf losing out of his Ground;
 To find it again he sent up and down;
 And after much Search when he nothing could hear,
 As the last Thing of all he falls to his Prayer:
Great Jove! if the Thief that has robb'd me you'll shew,
 Says he, on your Altar a Kid I'll bestow.
 The Words hardly pass'd, but a Lyon appears,
 Which set the poor Man again to his Prayers:
 I remember my Vow; but this Thief take away,
 And instead of a Kid, a Bull I will pay.

The M O R A L.

*We cannot too much Caution take,
 What Vows and Promises we make;
 Since e'en by granting of our Pray'r,
 We very often ruin'd are.*

R E F L E C T I O N.

*Vows are so Sacred, they should ne'er be made
 Till ev'ry Part and Circumstance is weigh'd;
 Nor should we wish for Things, before w're sure
 To have our Wishes would our Ease procure;*

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A thousand things we in our *Fancies choose*,
Which when w^e have got 'em we'd be glad to lose.

Therefore the Man that mod'rates his Desires,
And nothing needless or unsafe *requires* ;

That like this HERDSMAN makes no hasty *Vows*,
But all the *Acts of Providence allows* ;

He does as much as *Human Nature can*,
And comes up nearest to the happy Man.

F A B. CCI.

Gnat and Lyon.

AS a LYON the *Forest* was blust'ring about,
A GNAT comes up to him, and thus they
fell out.

I don't fear your *Teeth*, nor your *Claws*, says the
GNAT;

They're only the *Weapons* of ev'ry Bold Slut:
My *Honour* and *Courage* than yours are more clear,
And I'll instantly try the *Point* if you dare.

This *Haughty Desiance* the LYON enrag'd,
So the *Trumpet* was *sounded* and the *Champions* engag'd.

The *Nostrils* o'th' LYON the GNAT charges in,
And there did to *Biting* and *Twining* begin.

'Till with his own *Claws* he his *Flesh* tore away,
 And so in *Conclusion* the GNAT won the *Day*.
 The GNAT upon this does in *Triumph* retreat,
 But see how ill *Luck* did his *Glory* defeat.
 As he flew in a *Cobweb* *Entangl'd* he lies,
 And so after all by a *Spider* he *Dies*.

The M O R A L.

'Tis always in the *Power of Fate*
 To *Humble* e'en the *Highest State* :
 And by a mean and *Abje&* *Thing*
 The *Mighty* to *contempt* to bring.
 Therefore all *Creatures* should beware
 To avoid *Presumption* or *Despair*.

R E F L E C T I O N .

Nothings, so *great*, nor nothing is so *low*,
 But may the *diff'rent Turns of Fortune* know.
 A FLY may foil a LYON, and that FLY
 May the next *Moment* by a *Spider* die.
 The *Doctrine's* plain, No *Greatness* is secure
 When ev'ry *Insect* may its *Fall* ensure.

F I N I S.

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